THE JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK FOUR

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BY

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PREFACE

Pupils who enter the fourth school year should by that time have mastered to a fair degree the mechanics of learning to read. They may begin therefore to appreciate the better class of literature, in which ideas are put forth in artistic form.

The transition to such literature must needs be made slowly and carefully, inasmuch as the new subject-matter brings with it a somewhat new vocabulary and a more complicated structure of sentence.

The selections in this book have been chosen with especial reference to bridging over this chasm between the thoughts and forms of language familiar to childhood and those appropriate to youth. The selections used for this purpose will be found to hold the interest of pupils and to have a distinct ethical worth.

Attention is called to the notes and explanations in this and the following books of the series. No lesson should be considered mastered until the difficult words and allusions are clearly understood.

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CHARLES C. FELAND.

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Book Four

PICCIOLA

M. D. Saintine

M. D. Saintine was the assumed name of Joseph Xavier Boniface, a French author, who died in 1865.

Note. — The little romance of "Picciola" is a famous bit of literature. This is an abridged translation of the beginning of the story.

Early in the nineteenth century a French nobleman named Charney was arrested, condemned almost without a trial, and sent away to a fortress in the south of France.

His prison was a bare and gloomy one. He was allowed to have no books, no pens, no paper. Forced to make friends with himself, he found that he was of all men the most unhappy. His thoughts and memories brought him no pleasure; the future was without hope.

Four walls, newly whitewashed, a table, a chair, a trunk, a clean but narrow bed, — these were his surroundings. The rest of his world was made up of a winding stone staircase which led into a small paved court where, for two hours each day, he might enjoy the fresh air.

At first the count amused himself by scribbling with a bit of charcoal on the walls the date of every happy event of his childhood; but this soon became too sad an

occupation. Then he carved a thousand fanciful designs upon his table; but, alas! the days still dragged on as wearily as ever.

One day Charney was pacing back and forth in the little court, his arms crossed behind him, his eyes downcast. Spring was in the air, which, in its soft mildness, tortured him with its invitation to the woods and fields. He was counting for the hundredth time the flagstones which paved the yard, when he saw a small mound of earth rising between two stones.

The count stopped short and his heart beat fast, for the wild hope came to him that perhaps his friends had contrived to reach him by some underground passage. Then he began to pity his own folly which could mistake the work of a mouse or an insect for human energy and faithfulness. Bending over the little pile of earth, Charney saw that it was caused not by any animal, but by a pale and sickly plant which was trying to pierce the soil.

He was about to crush with his heel this weed which had so moved him, when a new thought came to him. How had this tender plant succeeded in piercing the dry, hard earth? Looking at it again more carefully he saw that its frail leaves were protected by a kind of shield.

"Nature has done her best to save it," he said to himself. "I will not be the one to destroy it."

The next day he paused to take note of the weed's growth. As he stooped to look at it he found to his surprise that the light had already taken away its pale and sickly appearance. Charney began to wonder what it would be like when it was grown. "What color will the flowers be?" he thought, "and how long must I wait before it is ready to bloom?"

The days went on. Most of his time was now spent in looking at the sprig of green between the stones. Even when he returned to his room he would watch it through his prison bars. One morning he saw his jailer pass so near it that the stem seemed about to be crushed by his foot. Charney shuddered. He longed to entreat the man to be more careful, but he knew not how to say it without making himself ridiculous. At last he brought himself to confess his fancy for the little plant.

"Yes," said the jailer, "I have seen that you cared for it, and if I had not taken pains to water it for you, the poor thing would have died of thirst long before this."

Charney was amazed at his jailer's kindness, and tried to thank him. "I will not forget it," he said. "When better times come to me I will repay you."

"Repay me?" said the jailer. "It only needed water, and that costs nothing. If *la picciola* cheers you, I hope it may grow rapidly."

Next morning the count hastened to share with his favorite the glass of water allowed him, not only watering its roots, but sprinkling its leaves. Suddenly he noticed that a storm was coming up. Large drops of rain began to fall, and the wind blew in fierce gusts.

Charney looked round for something to defend his plant, but nothing could be found. Hail began to rattle upon the stones, and with all a father's tenderness he bent over the tiny stem to shield it from the fury of the tempest. When at last the storm was over he was drenched and weary, but *la picciola* was safe.

As time went on the plant flourished. The stem began to look woody, a glossy bark made its appearance, and Charney watched it more eagerly than ever.

"If only it would flower!" he said to himself.

. . . . . .

It is a long story; — how the little plant grew strong and large; how, on one occasion, it even saved Charney's life; and how beautiful the blossom proved to be. When the count was finally set free he carried with him to his old home his Picciola — Picciola to whom he owed not only his life but his happiness and the joys resulting from peace and good will toward mankind.

Picciola (pitch-ē-ō'lä): little one; an Italian term of endearment.

THE STORY OF THE LILAC BUSH

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, now Mrs. Riggs, is an American author who has written delightful stories for children and older readers. "The Birds' Christmas Carol" is one of her most popular books. This selection is taken from "Polly Oliver's Problem."

There was once a little lilac bush that grew by a child's window. It had been a very busy lilac bush all its life: drinking moisture from the earth and making it into sap; adding each year a tiny bit of wood to its slender trunk; filling out its leaf buds; making its leaves larger and larger; and then — oh, happy, happy time! hanging purple flowers here and there among its branches.

It always felt glad of its hard work when Hester came to gather some of its flowers just before Easter Sunday.

One spray went to the table where Hester and her mother ate together; one to Hester's teacher; one to the gray stone church around the corner, and one to a little

lame girl who sat, quite still, day after day, by the window of the next house.

But one year the lilac bush grew tired of being good and working hard. The more it thought about it, the sadder and sorrier and more discouraged it grew.

The winter had been dark and rainy. The ground was so wet that its roots felt slippery and uncomfortable. There was some disagreeable moss growing on its smooth branches.

At last the lilac bush said: "I will give up; I am not going to bud or bloom or do a single thing for Easter this year! If Hester wants her room shaded, she can pull the curtains down. The lame girl can — " *do without*, it was going to say, but it did n't dare — oh, it did n't dare to think of the poor little lame girl without any comforting flowers; so it stopped short and hung its head.

Six or eight weeks ago Hester and her mother went out one morning to see the lilac bush.

"It does n't look as it should," said Hester, shaking her head sadly. "The buds are very few, and they are all shrunken. See how limp and flabby the stems of the leaves look!"

"Perhaps it is dead," said Hester's mother; "or perhaps it is too old to bloom."

"I 'm not dead and I 'm not dying," thought the lilac

bush, "though I 'd just as lief die as to keep on working in this dark, damp, unpleasant winter, or spring, or whatever they call it."

And then Hester said: "My darling, darling lilac bush! Easter won't be Easter without it; and lame Jenny leans out of her window every day as I come from school, and asks, 'Is the lilac budding?'"

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little bush. "I wish she would n't talk that way. It makes me so nervous to have Jenny asking questions about me. It starts my sap circulating, and I shall grow in spite of myself!"

"Let us see what we can do to help the lilac bush," said Hester's mother. "Take your trowel and dig around the roots first. Then put in some new earth, the richest you can get, and we 'll snip off all the withered leaves and dry twigs, and see if it won't take a new start."

"They make such a fuss about me!" thought the lilac bush. "It seems a pity that a thing can't stop growing and be let alone and die if it wants to!"

But though it grumbled a trifle at first, it felt so much better after Hester and her mother had spent the afternoon caring for it that it began to grow a little just out of gratitude, — and what do you think happened?

Day after day the sun shone, because everything seems to help the people and the things that help themselves.

The rich earth gave everything it had to give for sap, and the warm air dried up the ugly moss that spoiled the beauty of its trunk.

Then the lilac bush was glad again, and it could hardly grow fast enough, because it knew it would be behind time, at any rate. Of course it could n't stand still, grumbling and doing nothing for weeks, and get its work done as soon as the other plants.

But it made sap all day long, and the buds grew into tiny leaves, and the leaves into larger ones, and then it began to group its flower buds among the branches.

By this time it was the week before Easter, and it fairly sat up nights to work.

Hester knew that it was going to be more beautiful than it ever was before, but she was afraid that it would n't bloom soon enough, it was so late this spring.

But the very morning before Easter Sunday, Hester turned in her sleep and dreamed that a sweet, sweet fragrance was stealing in at her open window.

A few minutes later she ran across her room, and lo! every cluster of buds on the lilac bush had opened into purple flowers.

They were waving in the morning sunshine as if to say: "We are ready, Hester! We are ready, after all!"

Adapted.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—I

M. A. L. Lane

Mrs. M. A. L. Lane is an American editor and story-writer.

Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop to speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it is and new!

This is what one great English poet wrote of another. We all know very well what he meant. We have felt in the same way about the great men of our own time. A true poet is often able to say what we can only feel.

How proud we should be if we had known George Washington, or if we had spoken to him, or even touched his hand! And if you have read "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Wonder Book" and "Grandfather's Chair," you would like to know the man who could tell stories so well. You would like to see Hawthorne and have him "stop to speak to you."

But sometimes a man is better known through his books than in any other way. There are men and women living now who saw Hawthorne every day, yet who did not know him so well as any one of you may know him if you care to read what he wrote. Most of his books

were written for older people, but he loved children and was glad to write for them too.

Hawthorne's stories are often strange and mysterious because he liked to write about things which are hard to understand. He kept a notebook, and when an idea for a story came to him, he wrote it down in this book. Here are some of his notes:

To make a story of all strange and impossible things.

Two little boats of cork with a magnet in one and steel in the other.

The voyage of a little boat made of a chip with a birch-bark sail, down a river.

A man living a wicked life in one place, and, at the same time, a good life in another.

To make a story about the winds.

A fairy tale about chasing Echo to her hiding place. Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror.

A story about mischievous little sprites who hide in the hollow teeth of some one who has given himself into their power. It should be a child's story.

An idle man's pleasures and thoughts during a day spent by the seashore: among them, that of sitting on top of a cliff, and throwing stones at his own shadow far below.

To describe a boyish fight with snowballs, the victor to have a statue of snow erected to him. It might be a child's story.

Many of Hawthorne's stories were written from the notes in this book. Among the stories are, "Footprints by the Seashore" and "The Great Stone Face."

He wrote other tales which were still more strange. There was the story of the minister who always wore a black veil over his face, no one knew why; of the buried treasure which a man spent his life in searching for and which was only worthless paper; and a story of the water from the Fountain of Youth, which made the old young for a little while only to leave them miserable when its effect had passed.

Underneath all these stories there lies a hidden meaning, whether we understand it or not. It is the one thing to remember about his work.

Hawthorne liked to write about New England. He told again the stories and legends of the ancient governors of Massachusetts and of the famous Province House where they lived. Many of his books for older people are about New England life, though one famous novel was a story of Italy.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE — II

Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., on the Fourth of July, 1804. His father was a sea captain, and died when his little boy was only four years old.

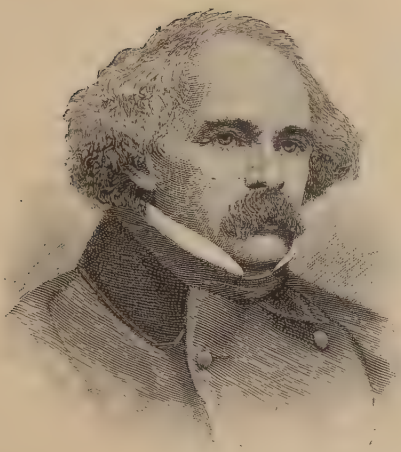
The poor child had a sad and lonely boyhood. He used to say, "Well, mother, I think I will go to sea and

never come back." It seemed to him that anything would be better than the long, dull days in which he suffered so keenly from loneliness.

Hawthorne inherited his love of the sea. He says of his ancestors: "From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy, also, in due time, passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world wanderings to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with his natal earth."

As Hawthorne grew up he had few friends. He was said to be shy and dreamy, silent and unwilling to talk. He took long walks alone in the woods and by the seashore, often walking many miles at night after he had been studying and writing all day.

"We do not even *live* at our house," he used to say. No wonder he thought so! Sometimes he did not see his mother and sister for weeks, although they were under the same roof. No cheerful family table brought them together three times a day. He grew used to eating alone in his dreary room; going out only when darkness



fell, for rest and change. It is not strange that he saw life in a different way from that in which others see it.

Years after, he went back to the old house and sat in the little room where he had been so unhappy. "The man who writes my life," he said, "should make much of this room."

Hawthorne was tall and handsome. His eyes were wonderful in their depth and brilliancy. His hair was brown and wavy. There was a great charm about him to those who loved him. His wife said of a friend who came to call at their house: "He kept his face turned to Mr. Hawthorne as the sunflower to the sun. When I spoke and he tried to turn to me, his head whirled back again."

Hawthorne was very happy in his own home with his wife and children. When he lost his place in the Salem customhouse he dreaded to tell his wife the bad news.

When he did tell her she said bravely, "Now you will have time to write your book." And the book thus written proved to be the great work of his life.

His children thought him the most wonderful playmate and story-teller in the world. His little boy wrote in a letter, "Papa has taught Una and me to make paper boats, and the bureau in my room is covered with paper steamers and boats."

Hawthorne had many homes. He lived in Concord and in Lenox; in 1853 he was sent to Liverpool, England, as consul, by his college friend, Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States; and he spent in Concord the last few years before his death; but the greater part of his life was passed in Salem.

In Concord you may still see the houses where he lived and the lonely hilltop where he liked to walk. Here, his tall figure, wrapped in a cloak and outlined against the evening sky, was a familiar sight to the village people.

To this hill, also, he used to flee at the approach of strangers; for, great and famous though he was, he did not wish to be treated like a great man. His life was not for the world, but for the quiet spot which he called home.

HOW WE FOUND THE HAW

Frances E. Crompton

Frances E. Crompton (Mrs. Walsh) is an English writer of stories for young people. Her books show an intimate knowledge of child nature.

Note. — This lesson is taken from a delightful little book called "The Gentle Heritage." It is the story of a family of English children and their neighbor, who became their very good friend. The Haw lay between their home and his, and was the scene of their first meeting.

One hot afternoon in June we were playing at "savages" in the orchard, with a heap of old pea sticks for our wigwams. We were enjoying it very much, but we had not been able to find Paul when we began to play, which was tiresome, because only four savages are rather few, especially when we want to make a good noise. And though Paul cannot always understand our games that we have taken from books, he does very well to fill up.

So at last I said, "It is so stupid to have no one to leave to take care of my wigwam when I go out to fight! I shall go and find Paul."

"We will all come too," said Patricia. "We can cool down while we look for him," and she fanned herself with her pinafore, for "savages" is a game that needs a good deal of exertion.

"I think he went round to the woodhouse to talk to Timothy," said Bobby; and we all ran one after another out of the orchard.

When we went down the shrubbery walk, there was Paul coming out from amongst the laurels on his hands and knees, as if he had been crawling. He stood up when he saw us, but he looked rather odd, and very dirty about the hands and knees. Also the front of his blouse was torn.

"Where have you been?" said Bobby, pouncing on him.

"Let me go," said Paul majestically, for he does not like to have any one take liberties with him.

"Then say where you have been," ordered Patricia. "If you don't, I dare say we might have to tell somebody."

"I have been in the Haw," said Paul sulkily.

"Oh, Paul, not really!" I could not help saying.

He nodded. "I have been often," he said.

"Nell, he is only telling stories," warned Patricia.

Paul shook his head very hard.

"Well, you know you couldn't get into the Haw from the garden, when we haven't a gate in it at all."

"I have my little door," said Paul.

"Nell, it is no use talking to him any longer. He is only telling stories," said Patricia.

"Ow! I *have* been in the Haw!" shouted Paul, stamping his foot.

"Then how did you get there?" said Patricia, putting on her magisterial look. We have never seen father on the bench, but we feel quite sure that he has exactly that look, because Patricia is so like him in the face, though not in anything else. Paul began to look stubborn.

"Paul, dear," I said as coaxingly as I could, "do be a nice little boy, and tell us how you got into the Haw."

"Through a hole," he said, frowning at Patricia.

"A hole! Where?"

"A hole in the hedge."

"Oh, Paul, it is the yew hedge, and yards thick, you know it is!"

"There *is* a hole," he said obstinately.

"Well, do you think you could show us?"

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "I think I don't want to show you." Then he suddenly brightened up, because he is not an ill-natured little boy. "I'll show *you*," he said. "Let you and me go into the Haw now."

"But the others want to come too, Paul, dear."

"Very well," he said generously, and he went down on his hands and knees, and began to crawl into the bushes. We all followed solemnly, for we knew that if we laughed he would stop. We went on quite through

the shrubs; it was a nice little arched passage, and looked like a place that the dogs might have made in running through the shrubbery.

It began to be exciting. Paul crawled along quite confidently, as if he knew all about it, winding in and out,

and sometimes lying almost flat and wriggling, for the shrubs were very thick. We came to the hedge at last. There was no hole, as we knew perfectly well, for it is an old yew hedge, very thick and high, and growing down to the ground like a green wall.

"There!" said Bobby, stopping and sitting back on his feet. "I was sure it was stories, and now we shall have

to tell, and you know what will happen. Oh! well, I beg your pardon, and I say, how jolly!"

For Paul was taking no notice of him, but had found the place he wanted, and had pulled one of the branches back. There *was* a neat little round door.

"Get out of the way," said Bobby, in great delight. "We are all coming out at once."

So we all crawled through into the Haw, and the branch closed behind us, and we were outside.

We saw in a moment that it was one of the nicest places in the world. It was just a long, narrow piece of waste ground, with a cart road running through the middle of it; but the ruts were all overgrown with grass, because it only led to fields. It lay on a little slope where the sunshine came, and all about the Haw were furze bushes, quite yellow with flowers, and shining in the sun. It was so warm there, and so quiet, except for the bees humming among the furze, and that was only a sleepy sound; and there was a breath of wind that made the smell of the furze stronger. We loved the Haw from the first moment.

Abridged.

Haw: an inclosed yard or garden. — **pea sticks**: sticks for pea vines to climb on. — **bench**: the seat where judges sit in court. — **furze**: a thorny, evergreen shrub, bearing yellow flowers, common in Great Britain. It is also called *gorse* and *whin*.

BIRDS IN SUMMER

MARY HOWITT

MARY HOWITT (1798–1888), the wife of William Howitt, was an English writer of stories and poems for young people.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Flitting about in each leafy tree;

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now,
And the young and the old they wander out
And traverse their green world round about;
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway;

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come! we come! to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go
And to look on the bright green earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home;
What joy it must be to sail upborne
By a strong, free wing through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!
To go when a joyful fancy calls
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play
Above and below and among the spray,
Hither and thither with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be like a living breeze
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees,
Lightly to soar and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath
And the yellow furze like fields of gold
That gladden some fairy regions old;
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

THE BROKEN FLOWERPOT — I

BULWER LYTTON

SIR EDWARD GEORGE BULWER LYTTON (1803–1873) was a British novelist and poet. He wrote many novels, among the most popular of which is the "Last Days of Pompeii." This selection is from "The Caxtons."

My father, Mr. Caxton, was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer), and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flowerpot, which had been set on the window sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs.

But, totally absorbed in his book, my father continued to read. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flowerpot, that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless. "Oh!" said my mother mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May, — I would rather anything else were broken. The poor geranium I reared myself, and the flowerpot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy; it was I!"

"You? How could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. O Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob. "Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small, shrill voice; and Master Sisty, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, "Don't scold Primmins, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flowerpot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast toward my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake.

"Hush! — And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. — Did you, Master Sisty? Speak [this in a whisper], or papa will be so angry!"

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flowerpot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun," said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me!"

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear. Oh, Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him parts us forever!"

Not long after that event, Mr. Squills, who often made me little presents, gave me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children; it was a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day, when he found me ranging the ivory pieces in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa!"

"You would be very sorry if your mamma were to throw that box out of the window, and break it, for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a lovely blue-and-white flowerpot, and you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window sill."

"Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant. But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day.

THE BROKEN FLOWERPOT — II

The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden. He paused, and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to Fairworth; will you come? And, by the by, bring your domino box; I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box.

"Papa," said I, by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why, how then can my domino box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flowerpot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good carries two fairies about with him, — one here," and he touched my forehead, "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Sisty."

My father stopped at a greenhouse, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the price of this, sir?"

"Only seven and sixpence," said the gardener. My father buttoned up his pocket.

"I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flowerpot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked three and sixpence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait; and we can wait, my boy; for truth that blooms all the year round is better than a poor geranium, and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers, common in country towns, who sell all kinds of pretty toys and knickknacks. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the amount, "I think my little boy here can show you a handsome specimen of French workmanship. Show your domino box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium; we can buy the flowerpot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot!

"It is his doing and his money," said my father. "Good actions have mended the bad." Adapted.

delf: a variety of earthenware, called *delf* or *delft*, from Delft, in Holland, where it was manufactured. — **trice**: originally thrice, or while one can count three. — **Master Sisty**: the boy who tells the story. — **seven and sixpence**: seven shillings and sixpence, or a dollar and eighty cents. — **eighteen shillings**: four dollars and thirty-two cents.

A CHILD'S FANCY

Miriam S. Clark

Miriam S. Clark is a young writer whose home is in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

When the day is nearly over, and the shadows are all gray,
There's a place in father's garden where I dearly love to stay,
For I'm tired of all my lessons, and I'm weary of my play
When the day is nearly over, and the shadows are all gray.

There's a motherly old willow growing close against the wall,
And I climb up in her branches, and I know I cannot fall,
For she rocks me very softly, in her gentle, loving way,
When the day is nearly over, and the shadows are all gray.

Softly to her leaves and branches come the breezes of the night,
And they sing me songs of dreamland, in the dim and restful light;
"Sleep and slumber, sleep and slumber, little child," they seem to say,
"For the day is nearly over, and the shadows are all gray."

THE ARGONAUTS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–1875) was an English clergyman, novelist, and poet. "The Water Babies" and "The Heroes" are two delightful books which he wrote for children. Among his novels are "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho," which are greatly liked by young people.

One of the most famous tales in Greek mythology is that of the Argonauts, a band of heroes who sailed away in the good ship Argo to find the Golden Fleece. Among them were Jason, the leader; Orpheus, who could charm wild beasts, and even rocks and trees, with his music; Castor and Pollux, the famous twins; and Peleus, the father of the great Achilles.

Kingsley has told the story in prose which is almost as musical as verse. Note the rhythmical cadence of many of the lines. Usually metrical prose is not to be admired, but in this case it suggests the old days when such tales were sung or chanted by wandering story-tellers.

When a fair wind rose the Argonauts sailed eastward till they came to the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean Sea. And thence they sailed on through the deeps of Sardinia, and past the Ausonian islands, till they came to a flowery island, upon a still, bright summer's eve. And as they neared it, slowly and wearily, they heard sweet songs upon the shore. But when Medea heard it, she started, and cried, "Beware, all heroes! for these are the rocks of the Sirens. You must pass close by them, for there is no other channel; but those who listen to that song are lost."

Then Orpheus spoke, the king of all minstrels: "Let them match their song against mine. I have charmed stones, and trees, and dragons; how much more the hearts of men!" So he caught up his lyre, and began his song.

And now they could see the Sirens on the flowery isle; three fair maidens sitting on the beach, beneath a red rock in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel. Slowly they sang and sleepily, with silver voices, mild and clear, which stole over the golden waters, and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus' song.

And all things stayed around and listened: the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads, while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds toward the west; and the clouds stood in mid blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep.

And as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes; and they dreamed of bright, still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

Then one lifted his head suddenly, and cried: "What use in wandering forever? Let us stay here and rest awhile." And another, "Let us row to the shore, and hear the words they sing." And another, "I care not for the words, but for the music. They shall sing me to sleep, that I may rest."

Then Medea clapped her hands together, and cried, "Sing louder, Orpheus, sing a bolder strain; wake up these hapless sluggards, or none of them will see the land of Hellas more."

Then Orpheus lifted his harp, and crashed his cunning hand across the strings; and his music and his voice rose like a trumpet through the still evening air; into the air it rushed like thunder, till the rocks rang and the sea; and into their souls it rushed like wine, till all hearts beat fast within their breasts.

And he sang the song of Perseus, how the gods led him over land and sea, and how he slew the loathly Gorgon, and won himself a peerless bride; and how he sits now with the gods upon Olympus, a shining star in the sky, immortal with his immortal bride, and honored by all men below.

So Orpheus sang, and the Sirens, answering each other across the golden sea, till Orpheus' voice drowned the Sirens', and the heroes caught their oars again.

And they cried, "We will be men like Perseus, and we will dare and suffer to the last. Sing us his song again, brave Orpheus, that we may forget the Sirens and their spell." And, as Orpheus sang, they dashed their oars into the sea, and kept time to his music as they fled fast away; and the Sirens' voices died behind them in the hissing of the foam along their wake.

But when the Sirens saw that they were conquered, they shrieked for envy and rage, and leapt from the beach into the sea, and were changed into rocks until this day.

Then they came to the straits by Lilybæum, and saw Sicily, the three-cornered island, under which Enceladus the giant lies groaning day and night, and when he turns the earth quakes, and his breath bursts out in roaring flames from the highest cone of Etna, above the chestnut woods. And there Charybdis caught them in its fearful coils of wave, and rolled mast-high about them, and spun them round and round; and they could go neither back nor forward, while the whirlpool sucked them in.

And while they struggled they saw near them, on the other side the strait, a rock stand in the water, with its peak wrapt in clouds — a rock which no man could climb, though he had twenty hands and feet, for the stone was smooth and slippery, as if polished by man's hand; and halfway up a misty cave looked out toward the west.

And when Orpheus saw it he groaned, and struck his hands together. And "Little will it help us," he cried, "to escape the jaws of the whirlpool; for in the cave lives Scylla, the sea-hag with a young whelp's voice; my mother warned me of her ere we sailed away from Hellas; she has six heads and six long necks, and hides in that dark cleft. And from her cave she fishes for all things which pass by — for sharks, and seals, and dolphins, and all the herds of Amphitrite. And never ship's crew boasted that they came safe by her rock, for she bends her long necks down to them, and every mouth takes up a man. And who will help us now? For Hera and Zeus hate us, and our ship is foul with guilt; so we must die, whatever befalls."

Then out of the depths came Thetis, Peleus' silver-footed bride, for love of her gallant husband, and all her nymphs around her; and they played like snow-white dolphins, diving on from wave to wave, before the ship, and in her wake, and beside her, as dolphins play. And they caught the ship, and guided her, and passed her on from hand to hand, and tossed her through the billows, as maidens toss the ball. And when Scylla stooped to seize her, they struck back her ravening heads, and foul Scylla whined, as a whelp whines, at the touch of their gentle hands. But she shrank into her cave affrighted, — for all

bad things shrink from good, — and Argo leapt safe past her, while a fair breeze rose behind. Then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple, where live flowers bloom all the year round; while the heroes went on rejoicing, yet dreading what might come next.

Adapted from "The Heroes."

Or'pheus (fūs). — **Pe'leus** (lūs). — **Achil'les**: one of the heroes of the Trojan war. — **Ar'gonauts.** — **Pillars of Her'cules**: Gibraltar and the opposite rocks, which, according to the Greek story, had been split apart by Hercules. — **Auso'nian islands**: Ausonia was a name often used by the poets for Italy. — **Mede'a**: a sorceress or witch, the wife of Jason. — **as'phodel**: the asphodel of the Greeks was the narcissus. Our word *daffodil* comes from this word. — **Hel'las**: Greece. — **Per'seus** (sūs). — **loath'ly**: disgusting. — **Gor'gon**: Medusa, who had snaky locks. — **Olym'pus**: the heaven-kissing hill, which the Greeks believed to be the home of the gods. — **Lilybæ'um.** — **Encel'adus**: one of those giants who had been enemies of the gods. When he was conquered, Mt. Etna was thrown upon him to keep him down. — **Charyb'dis**: a fearful whirlpool. — **Scyl'la**: a dangerous rock opposite Charybdis; both are personified as hateful monsters. — **Amphitri'te**: the wife of the sea god Neptune. — **Zeus** (zūs) and **He'ra**: the king and queen of the gods. The Romans called them Jupiter and Juno. — **The'tis**: the mother of Achilles.

EXPERIENCES OF A CATERPILLAR

A. L. O. E.

CHARLOTTE TUCKER was an Englishwoman who wrote several books for children and a few for older people. She adopted as her signature the letters A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England). Miss Tucker died in 1893.

NOTE. — The caterpillar of the goat moth is two or three inches long; it is flesh colored, with a black head. It has an odor like that of a goat. The egg of the goat moth is laid in the bark of a tree, and the newly hatched caterpillar feeds upon the wood, thus killing the tree. The poplar, elm, willow, and oak are the favorite trees of the goat moth.

One day, as I was making my way through a bit of timber, I was startled by a noise and a sudden shock.

A very little time passed, and then again came that terrible sound; the whole tree seemed to quiver and shake; and suddenly the daylight flashed upon me.

Some being of the human race was cutting down, with a bright, sharp instrument, a branch from the tree in which I was dwelling.

It was the first time I had ever seen a man. He looked like a horrible monster, and he seemed not to think much better of me.

"Here 's an ugly grub," he observed, "that 's eating its way right into the wood. I 'll take it home and put it in the little drawer of my table.

"My boy is coming home to-morrow, and he is curious about all these creatures; he may like to examine this one."

So the man carried me home. I was soon shut up in darkness—quite securely, as he supposed—in his drawer.

"Ha, ha!" laughed I to myself; "here's a fine, wide tunnel that man has bored, and very neatly he has done it. But if he thinks he can keep the caterpillar of a goat moth his prisoner here, he'll find he is very much mistaken!"

I set to work with my good, strong jaws at the side of the drawer in which I was confined. Before night was over I had gnawed my way through. When the daylight dawned I was crawling down what the man had called a table.

As I was wondering in which direction I should turn, in came my enemy, and almost put his foot upon me.

"Why, if that caterpillar has not eaten its way out!" he exclaimed. "What jaws the ugly creature must have! I'll put it into a tumbler; it can't bite through a glass."

Writhe and twist as I might, I could not escape from those dreaded fingers which held me so firmly.

I was dropped into a bright kind of cocoon that looked as if made of pure water, for I was able to see right through it. It did not shade me at all from the daylight, as my dear, old willow had done.

This tumbler was a hundred times harder than any wood that I ever had met with. In vain I tried to bite the smooth, slippery surface.

"I'm a lost caterpillar!" sighed I, as I lay at the bottom of the tumbler, quite worn out with my fruitless efforts. But I did not lie long inactive in my prison.

"I am not only strong to bite," I said to myself, "I am also clever to spin. I can not only bore a tunnel through wood, I can make a ladder of silk."

I found, to my joy, that though my jaws could make no mark upon glass, yet my gummy silk would stick to its surface.

Bravely I went on with my labor. Before very long my strong, wedge-shaped head was peeping over the edge of the tumbler.

"How shall I descend now?" thought I. "I must let myself down, as I helped myself up, by a silken ladder."

At that moment the man caught sight of me.

"If this lively caterpillar isn't making its escape again!" he exclaimed. "The creature seems resolved to get off, one way or another."

My tormentor knocked me down again to the bottom of my prison. Then he suddenly turned it over, giving me another tumble on the hard surface of what I heard the man call a plate.

The glass now shut me in above, as well as all around, so that there could be no possible use in climbing. Below me was the plate, just as hard as the glass. There was no weak point which I could attack with my jaws.

"Now I'll put a good, heavy book on the tumbler, to keep it down," said the man. "My ugly grub will be as secure as if locked up in an iron safe."

I lay very still in my shining prison till the man had quitted the place. Neither my courage nor my strength had failed me yet.

As soon as I felt sure of not being observed, I crept round the edge of the glass, trying to find any place where it did not quite touch the plate.

Happily for me, just in one part there was either a sinking in the plate or a rise in the glass. The two did not exactly fit, and air from without came through.

Here was an opportunity not to be lost. Now were my four thousand muscles to be brought into play. My liberty, if not my life, depended upon the success of the effort which I was making.

With my head I lifted glass and book a little, then a little more: surely never before had caterpillar attempted so difficult a feat.

My whole head was squeezed under my prison at last; and where the head can go the whole body can generally manage to follow.

Ha, ha! I laugh whenever I remember that day. How the man must have looked, when he came back with his boy, to find the glass tumbler empty, with the big book resting upon it, and the caterpillar nowhere to be seen!

I stopped to curl myself up and rest awhile; but I dared not rest long. I feared that the man would return before I could hide myself out of his sight.

Luckily for me, he had left the door of his great cocoon open. Much as I dislike the daylight, I was glad enough to find myself once more in the free, open air, and not far from my own willow tree.

Abridged.

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY

T. W. Higginson

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1823. He has written many books, — histories, stories, poems, and essays. Colonel Higginson was in the Civil War and has written interesting sketches of his army life.

Over the field where the brown quails whistle,
  Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle,
  Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
  Filling the air while the blossoms fade, —
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
  In the slanting sunlight that skirts the glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
  Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
  Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
  See how each is alive with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
  Changed henceforth to immortal things.

TIMOTHY'S INCANTATION

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

NOTE. — Timothy was a little boy about ten years old. He and pretty little "Lady Gay" had been left friendless and homeless. Lady Gay was not his sister, but Timothy loved her dearly, and hearing that they were to be separated, he ran away with the little girl, hoping to find a home where they might be together. They were taken in for a few days at the "White Farm," where Miss Vilda lived with Samantha and Jabe Slocum, her faithful servants. Timothy is sorely afraid that Miss Vilda will not be willing to keep him and Lady Gay, so he uses the wonderful "charm" of which Jabe has told him. The book which tells the whole story is called "Timothy's Quest."

It was bedtime, and Timothy was in his little room carrying on the most elaborate and complicated plots for reading the future. It must be known that Jabe Slocum was as full of signs as a Farmer's Almanac; and he had given Timothy more than one formula for attaining his secret desires, — old, well-worn recipes for luck, which had been tried for generations in Pleasant River, and which were absolutely "certain" in their results.

The favorites were:

Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish to-night;

and one still more impressive:

Four posts upon my bed,
Four corners overhead;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon.
Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark,
Grant my wish and keep it dark.

These rhymes had been chanted with great solemnity, and Timothy sat by the open window in the sweet darkness of the summer night, wishing that he and Gay might stay forever in this sheltered spot. "I'll make a sign of my very own," he thought. "I'll get Gay's ankle tie, and put it on the window sill, with the toe pointing out. Then I'll wish that if we are going to stay at the White Farm, the angels will turn it around, 'toe in' to the room, for a sign to me; and if we've got to go, I'll wish they may leave it the other way; and, oh, dear! but I'm glad it's so little and easy to move; and then I'll say 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John' four times over, without stopping, as Jabe told me to, and then see how it turns out in the morning."

But the incantation was more soothing than the breath of Miss Vilda's scarlet poppies, and before the magical verse had fallen upon the drowsy air for the third time

Timothy was fast asleep, with a smile of hope on his parted lips.

There was a sweet summer shower in the night. The soft breezes, fresh from shaded dells and nooks of fern, fragrant with the odor of pine and vine and wet wood violets, blew over the thirsty meadows and golden stubble fields, and brought an hour of gentle rain.

It sounded a merry tintinnabulation on Samantha's milk pans, wafted the scent of dripping honeysuckle into the farmhouse windows, and drenched the nightcaps in which prudent farmers had dressed their haycocks.

Next morning the green world stood on tiptoe to welcome the victorious sun, and every leaf shone as a child's eyes might shine at the remembrance of a joy just past.

A meadow lark perched on a swaying apple branch above Martha's grave, and poured out his soul in grateful melody; and Timothy, wakened by Nature's sweet good

morning, leaped from the too fond embrace of Miss Vilda's feather bed. . . . And lo, a miracle! . . . The woodbine clung close to the wall beneath his window. It was tipped with strong, young shoots, reaching out their innocent hands to cling to any support that offered; and one baby tendril that seemed to have grown in a single night, so delicate it was, had somehow been blown by the sweet night wind from its drooping place on the parent vine, and, falling on the window sill, had curled lovingly round Gay's fairy shoe, and held it fast.

From "Timothy's Quest."

breath of poppies: opium, which produces sleep, is made from poppies. It is said that even to smell the flowers makes one sleepy.

TO THE LADYBIRD

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY was the wife of Robert Southey, a great English poet. She was born in 1786, and died in 1854. Mrs. Southey was the author of several books of verse.

NOTE. — Ladybird, or ladybug, is the name children give to a little red beetle spotted with black, which is often found on plants and flowers.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew 's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close clinging damp.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl 's come abroad, and the bat 's on the roam,
Sharp-set from their Ramazan fast.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they 'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away now
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You 're in luck! — and that 's all I 've to say.

Southey (sowth'y or suth'y). — **red eyes**: English daisies are reddish in color. — **glowworm**: a kind of beetle which gives out light as it moves. — **speckled wings**: wing cases. The true wings are thin and not speckled. — **flag**: grow tired. — **sharp-set**: hungry. — **Ram'azan fast**: the lenten fast of the Mohammedans. Ramazan means the hot month. — **Ob'eron**: king of the fairies. This is frequently pronounced O'beron.

THE LITTLE ACADIAN

M. A. L. Lane

Note. — During the war known in America as the French and Indian War, the English found it necessary to drive away the French peasants from their home in what is now Nova Scotia. It was a cruel thing to do, but it was impossible to make these simple country folk loyal to their English master. The unhappy exiles were sent among the English colonies along the Atlantic coast; families became separated and never met again. Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline" tells of this sad time.

Mrs. Baxter turned her hot face for a moment from the blazing wood fire on the open hearth.

"Well, Thomas," she said briskly, "why don't you come in and shut the door?"

It was an old house, built when Boston streets were country roads. Two great doors, on opposite sides of the kitchen, were for the oxen when they dragged in the huge logs of wood from the forest.

These doors were rarely opened by Mrs. Baxter; they were fastened by heavy iron hooks. It was in a smaller doorway that her son Thomas stood, looking into the tidy kitchen.

He was a strong, healthy boy about twelve years old, with honest blue eyes and freckled cheeks. He wore a homespun jacket and corduroy trousers a size too large for him. An old woolen cap of his father's was dragged down over his ears.

Outside, the snow was coming down in fine, sharp flakes.

"Mother," said Thomas, in a meek voice, quite unlike his usual one, "I've brought somebody home to dinner."

Mrs. Baxter swung the iron crane out over the hearth, so that the pork should not burn, and came to the door.

"What in the world have you here, Thomas Baxter?" said she severely.

"It's a little girl," explained Thomas. "She's French, and she can't talk much English. Her mother's dead, and she doesn't belong to anybody. So I took her," he added cheerfully.

Mrs. Baxter pulled a little, trembling figure into the warm room and shut the door. With quick fingers she took off the wet hood and showed a tear-stained, sad little face with dark eyes half hidden under tangled curls.

"Of all things!" began Mrs. Baxter. "Where did you get her?"

Thomas's mind was quite easy now. He strolled over to the fire and stood back to it, as his father often did, his wet boots planted well apart.

"I found her on Long Wharf," he went on to explain. "The boys and I went down to see the transport come in, and there was a crowd on board of her. The wharf was black with people in no time. They were crying and talking. You can't think how fast they talk, mother."

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Baxter. "To have to leave home and come here among strange folks this time of year — it 's hard!"

"I say it 's a shame!" said Thomas fiercely. "She and her mother saw their house burned before their eyes, and her mother never smiled after that. She died on the ship. One of the soldiers told me about it. He said he 'd never do such work again, for the king or anybody else."

By this time Mrs. Baxter had the tired child in her motherly lap. The little one's eyelids drooped heavily, and her curly head sank back into the hollow of the comfortable arm. She was nearly asleep already.

"I 'll fight the king when I 'm a man," went on Thomas loudly.

"Hush!" said his mother reprovingly. "Hear the boy talk! You 'll wake her. She can't be more than six years old, the poor dear. And I dare say the king is sorry to do it, but these Acadians have made him a world of trouble. They go on helping the French, and seem to forget that they belong to England."

"Of course they help the French," said Thomas. "They are French themselves. If the French king should conquer us, don't you suppose we would help the English if we could?"

It was sometimes difficult to argue with Thomas. Many Puritan mothers thought that the birch rod was not used often enough in the Baxter household.

"Run into the fore room, my son," said Mrs. Baxter, "and bring my old plush coat. I took it out of the cedar chest this morning. It 's warm and dry, and she 'll take cold in these wet clothes."

Thomas stood a moment on the threshold. "Mother," said he slowly, "she 's about as big as Lucy was. Could n't she have her clothes? Lucy was always giving her toys away. I think she would like it."

Ah, Master Thomas Baxter, that was a fine stroke! The boy saw that tears were in his mother's eyes. She gathered the homeless child close in her arms.

"I will take her and keep her as my own," she said, with a catch in her throat, as she looked at the delicate, weary face against her breast. "It would please Lucy and it will please your father. You will have a little sister again, my son."

Mrs. Baxter tried to smile as she looked across the room at the happy boy. Half waking, the little Acadian put up her tiny hand and stroked the kindly face above her.

"*Maman!*" she murmured sleepily.

Thomas shut the door softly. His own eyes were full of tears.

LITTLE BELL

THOMAS WESTWOOD

THOMAS WESTWOOD was an English poet who was born in 1814. He died in 1888.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh! stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped — you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And, from out the tree,

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear —
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel! to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree
Great, ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one; —
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care.
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THE BEES

Down in the garden, under the basswood tree, are the beehives. A beehive is the busiest, cleanest, most orderly city in the world.

It has no mayor, no city council, not even a town meeting to manage its affairs. It is ruled by a queen.

The hive bees are not the great, blundering creatures which we sometimes see among the flowers; these are called bumblebees.

The bumblebees are wild bees, and they do not like the orderly life of their city cousins. Sometimes they are hungry before spring comes, but they like their own life best, after all.

Hive bees are smaller than bumblebees, but they are much better workers. In the hive are the queen, her escort of drones, and the worker bees.

The queen, of course, does no housework. She lays the eggs and sees that the hive is kept in order. She is larger and handsomer than the others. In fact, from the time when she was only a baby grub, she has had a better room and has been fed on finer food than the rest.

The drones are very fine gentlemen indeed. They take no part in house building or in getting food. As the

summer goes on, their hard-working sisters grow tired of feeding such a lazy company.

"Something must be done before winter comes," they say to one another. "Our supplies will be gone before spring if we have these idle fellows to feed."

The workers are busy from morning till night. Their wings are strong, for they have to fly far from home for food. They carry the flower pollen, they make the honey, and they mix the bee bread to feed the young bees. Upon them comes the whole care of building the wax houses and keeping them clean.

The bees are wonderful builders, as we learn when we watch them. The wax, which has formed in scales upon their bodies, is scraped off with their feet and worked over with mouths and mandibles until it is soft and white. Then it is placed upon the ceiling of the hive and the cells are shaped.

The cells differ in size, but all of them have the same shape. They are carefully fitted to one another so that there shall be no waste room. In these cells the eggs are to be laid.

It is a warm June morning. The hive is astir as usual.

"Buzz, buzz, out of my way! I 'm dusty with pollen. Don't touch me! I 'm busy, bizz — bizz — bizz!" and away goes a worker bee at full speed.

"Where is the queen?" asks a drone, who is standing idly in the doorway.

"The queen is in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey,"

answers another worker, who is cooling the hive by waving her wings up and down. "She laid two thousand eggs yesterday."

"You will soon have your hands full," remarks the drone in his careless way, "with all those hungry children to feed."

"It is as easy to feed children as drones," says the worker sharply. "Do stand somewhere else, if you please. You are very much in the way."

"Something is wrong in the next hive. I think I'll go over and see what it is," says the drone, retreating in good order.

In the next hive there is great excitement. A garden snail has crawled in to make a neighborly call.

"Buzz, buzz! Put her out! Put her out! Sting her, stab her, bury her! Wall her up with wax!" cry the angry workers. They are not pleased, it seems, with neighborly calls.

"Call the wax makers!" they cry. "Bring the cell builders! Wall the creature up at once!"

Soon the snail is fast in a neat cell with sides and a wax roof. In two minutes the bees have forgotten all about her. The new queen is coming out to-day.

The workers are in a crowd about the royal cell where the princess is still a prisoner. They have been gnawing at the top of the cell, which is now so thin that one can see through it.

"Let me out! Let me out!" pipes the prisoner.

"It is not safe for you to come out yet," whispers a worker bee. "The old queen has not gone. She would sting you to death."

The old queen knows that she must go. She calls together the few that still love her and will care for her. Then she leaves the hive to the young queen. The bee

keeper has a new hive ready for her, and she begins to plan another city.

In the meantime something has happened in the old hive. The young queen had royal sisters who wished to be queens. They have been fighting, and they have all been killed but one. She is badly hurt and she cannot live long.

"What shall we do?" ask the workers. They know that the hive must have a queen. There are no more royal children.

"You must train a worker grub for a queen," says the dying bee. "Make her cell large and airy, give her more than she can eat of the best bee bread, guard her carefully from harm, and she will make a good queen."

"How can we make her cell larger now?" asks another worker, who is not very quick-witted.

"Knock down the wall into the next room," answers the queen bee.

"And what is to become of us?" asks a gentleman drone.

The queen looks at him with pity.

"Your death will be worse than mine," she says. "Your sisters are already tired of waiting upon you. You will be stung to death, stabbed, maimed, and thrown out of the hive, when I am gone. To the workers, after all, belong the honey and the hive."

THE FACTORY BOY

Robert Collyer

Robert Collyer (1823–) was born in England. His father and mother were very poor, and the only schooling he had was between his fourth and eighth year. He learned the blacksmith's trade, but began to preach when he was a young man. He came to America, where he is well known and greatly beloved as the pastor of a church in New York City.

One day I went on a pilgrimage to a huge, old factory in the valley of Washburne, in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1865.

I wandered about in a kind of dream. The handful of people left there then were at work among the wheels and spindles, watching me between whiles; for strangers seldom came to that remote place, and I was clearly a stranger. . . .

They were as strange to me as I was to them. There was not a face I knew, not one. And yet this was where I was once as well known to everybody as the child is to its own mother, and where I knew everybody as I knew my own kinsfolk; for it was here that I began my life, and lived it for a space that now seems a lifetime all by itself. And this brings me to my dream.

I saw, in one of the great, dusty rooms of the factory, a little fellow about eight years old, but big enough to pass

for ten, working away from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night, tired sometimes almost to death, and then again not tired at all, rushing out when work was over, and, if it was winter, home to some treasure of a book.

There were "Robinson Crusoe," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and Goldsmith's histories of England and of Rome, the first volume of "Sandford and Merton," and one or two more that had something to do with theology; but it must have been meat for strong men, for not one of the brood of children who read the stories, and the Goldsmith that was just as good as stories, would ever touch these others after one or two trials.

One of these books that used to lead all boys captive in those good old days, this boy I saw in my dream would hug up close to his bowl of porridge, and eat and read; and then would read after he had done eating, while ever the careful mother would allow a candle or a coal.

But if it was summer, the books would be neglected, and the rush would be out into the fields and lanes, hunting in the early summer for birds' nests, which the tender and holy home canon would never permit to be robbed; . . . or, in the later summer, seeing whether the sloes were turning ever so little from green to black, or whether the crabs (of the wood, not the water) were vulnerable to a boy's sharp and resolute teeth, and when the hazelnuts would

be out of that milky state at which it would be of any use to pluck them, and what was the prospect for hips and haws. . . .

I watched him with a most pathetic interest. "Dear little chap," I said; "you had a hard time; but then it was a good time, too — was n't it, now? How good bread and butter did taste, to be sure, when half a pound of butter a week had to be divided among eight of us, and the white wheaten bread saved for Sunday!

"Did ever flower in this world beside smell as good as the primrose, or prima donna sing like the skylark and throstle? Money cannot buy such a Christmas pudding, or tears or prayers such a Christmastide, as the mother made and the Lord gave when you and the world were young.

"Seven years you stuck to the old mill, and then you were only fifteen; and then, just as they were crowning the Queen, you know, you had to give it up, and to give the home up with it; to go out, and never return to stay.

"And so I lost sight of you out of that hard but blessed life in and out of the factory, and have never set eyes on you until to-day, you dear little other one, that was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

That was how I came to think of my story, and how I might tell it as a word of encouragement to many who

may need such a word, about the way of life which I have traveled many miles since I set out, not knowing whither I went, to the pulpit and pastorate of this church.

Bun'yan's "Pilgrim": John Bunyan wrote a famous book called "The Pilgrim's Progress." — **can'on**: law or rule. — **sloes**: small, bitter plums, the fruit of the blackthorn. — **hips**: the fruit of the rose. — **haws**: the fruit of the hawthorn. — **prima** (prē'ma) **don'na**: the leading woman in an opera company. — **thros'tle**: the song thrush. — **crabs**: crab apples.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

(A Fable)

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Mass., where he died in 1882. He is often called a seer — or one who sees into men's hearts and understands God's truths. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had been put into words by Wordsworth, another poet, was that plain living and high thinking go well together. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Note. — When the mountain calls the squirrel "Little Prig," the squirrel replies, "Bigness isn't everything. There is no more credit in being big than in being small. You can't do my work, nor can I do yours. We need not call each other names. Each has his own place to fill."

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

prig: a conceited person. — **squirrel track**: a place where a squirrel can run.

THE STORY OF THE PIED PIPER

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in 1812. His verse is not always smooth, and it is hard, at times, to understand his meaning; but his poems well repay deep study. To Browning life was good and glad. He does not forget the hard, sad things, but he never loses courage. Browning died in Venice, Italy, in 1889.

NOTE. — The famous poem from which this story was taken was founded upon an old legend or myth, which the poet turned into verse to amuse a little boy. Similar legends are found in Chinese and Persian literature.

More than five hundred years ago, in a country far over the sea, there was a town which was overrun with rats.

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
  And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
  And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
  By drowning their speaking
  With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people declared that they could bear it no longer. They went to the Mayor one morning and told him they would send him packing unless he could find

some way to rid the town of its troublesome visitors. The poor Mayor was at his wits' end. "It's of no use," he said. "I have tried my best to think of some plan."

"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!
Come in," the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

"People call me the Pied Piper," he said. "If I rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" said the astonished Mayor.

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while.
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

Once more the Pied Piper stepped into the street and laid his pipe to his lips. Three soft, sweet notes he blew, and then came the patter of small feet, the clatter of wooden shoes, the clapping of little hands, and

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

Down High Street went the Piper, and the hearts of the people stood still when he turned toward the river. But now he turned again from south to west, and the crowd of children followed him, laughing and singing, toward the great hill which rose on that side of the town.

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me."

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But it was too late. A broken promise was not so easily mended, and Piper and dancers were gone forever.

hap: happen. — **guil'der**: a Dutch coin. — **pied**: having different colors.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE

Psalm xxiii

The book of Psalms was the hymn book of the Hebrew nation. Many authors and periods of time are represented in it. It is commonly supposed that David, king of Israel, was the author of a large number of these songs.

David was a shepherd boy who came into public notice when he was summoned to entertain King Saul by playing on the harp. Later, David killed the giant, Goliath; later still, he formed a warm friendship with the king's son, Jonathan. After the death of Saul, David became king, and had a long and brilliant reign.

The twenty-third psalm is one of the most beautiful of sacred songs. The imagery was very familiar to the Hebrews, many of whom were shepherds.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Selections from Psalms xc and xci

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

in the presence of mine enemies: the shepherds protected the feeding flocks from snakes and wild beasts. — **anoint'est my head with oil**: a common Eastern custom. The wounded or tired sheep are much refreshed by it. — **my cup**: a large, two-handled cup from which the sheep drink in the sheepfold. — **thy rod and thy staff**: the shepherd's crook, used to guide and protect his sheep.

THE FOUNTAIN

James Russell Lowell

Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers," which had undoubted influence in political questions. Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. As American representative abroad he was popular for his tact and courtesy and ready address. He died in 1891.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

THE BABY OWL

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER is an American writer. She has written many books about birds. One, called "The First Book of Birds," is very easy and pleasant reading.

NOTE. — The book from which the story of the baby owl is taken is called "Queer Pets at Marcy's."

WHEN the baby owl went to live at Marcy's he was one of the oddest-looking creatures in the world. Though he was very young, and had just come out of an owl's nest, he didn't look in the least like a baby, nor was he at all shy. He was a small bundle of down, with no feathers where feathers are expected, and the wisest look in his face and big, staring eyes.

From the first moment he never seemed to be afraid of anybody, nor struggled to get away, as other birds will. He was evidently a philosopher; that is to say, one who takes whatever comes, and makes no fuss about it.

The first thing he did, when let out of the basket in which he was carried, was to walk gravely around the room and examine everything in it. His manner said as plainly as words, "I see this is to be my home, and it may be well to know something about it."

The children were much amused with his sober, dignified ways, not in the least like any other young creature; and they ran to the kitchen for some supper for him. They set bread before him, but he would not eat. They thought he did not like bread, perhaps, so they took counsel of their own tastes and offered him cake, and then bits of meat, and then corn, and then boiled egg, and at last Ralph went out and dug up a worm. All to no purpose.

Now of course birds must eat or die, and the children were in trouble at once. Uncle Karl, however, suggested that Mamma Owl had always fed her baby, and probably he didn't know how to feed himself. They must do as she did, — fill his mouth for him.

They at once tried this with perfect success, and by that means Master Owl had a plentiful meal. In spite of his wise looks you see he was really rather stupid after all, while he was a baby, for they had to play mother owl and stuff the queer baby for some time.

They were not exactly sure of what baby owls have to eat, so they tried nearly everything in the house on this

one. He swallowed everything, and seemed to thrive on it, growing very fast, and soon being covered with beautiful, soft feathers, while his droll ways were more and more amusing.

The little owl's home was in the den, but since his master spent most of his days in the city, he did not stay there much. He roamed all over the house, upstairs and down; into the kitchen, when Patty would scream and drive him out; into the parlor, where he would perch on the end of a sofa and sit for hours, dressing his beautiful feathers, or shaking himself out into a soft feather ball while he took a short nap.

He was a sociable fellow, and always liked to be with the family. He was fond of sitting on Uncle Karl's shoulder, and he often made quiet remarks, which, though doubtless full of wisdom, the hearers unfortunately could not always understand. . . .

When Master Owl was full grown, he was provided with a house of his own. It was two stories high, and he spent the daytime in the bedroom upstairs, after the fashion of owls, and at evening he came down ready for a frolic, or an excursion round the neighborhood, where he did a little hunting for himself.

Abridged.

the den: a name often given to a smoking room or study used by the master of the house.

POCAHONTAS

William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in India in 1811. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse. He died in 1863.

Note. — Some historians do not believe the story on which Thackeray founded this poem; others think that very likely it is true. However that may be, we know that Captain John Smith and Pocahontas were real people. She was the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief, and Smith was the leader of the English settlers at Jamestown, Va. Pocahontas became a Christian and married John Rolfe, with whom she went to England. She was very gentle and lovely. She died when she was still a young woman, and left a little son. The Randolphs of Virginia are her descendants.

Wearied arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
  He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
  Through the wilderness resounds,
  As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
  And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 't is hard to die of fire!
  Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
  Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
  Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
  Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
  See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
  I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan
  Still 't is told by Indian fires
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

ARIEL'S FREEDOM

(A Story from Shakespeare's "Tempest")

Nina Moore Tiffany

Mrs. Nina Moore Tiffany is an American writer. Her historical stories for children are very popular. (For note on Shakespeare see Book Five.)

Note. — The story of "The Tempest" is also told in "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb.

A gentle spirit of the air — his name was Ariel — fell into the power of a wicked witch.

The witch tried to make a slave of Ariel, but could not; for he refused to run upon her hateful errands.

As she could not force him to do her bidding, she wove for him a spell that should be worse than death; one that would take away his freedom.

She split a pine tree and shut him in the cleft, and her dark magic forbade it to let him go.

Now Ariel could no longer frolic with the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," nor dance with those that

> on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune.

Held in the riven pine, he sighed to the winds that sighed to him, and wore the days through in loneliness.

For twelve long winters Ariel drooped in his prison; then the witch died and he was left more hopeless than before, for all this happened on an enchanted island where no man lived, and no one now was near who could undo the witch's spell.

At last, to Ariel's great joy, a wise magician, Prospero, was cast upon the island. Prospero brought with him his book of charms, and his magic robe and wand, which gave him power over spirits of the sun, wind, earth, water, air, and trees.

He overcame the witch's spell, and the pine tree let Ariel go free.

The grateful Ariel then did willingly all that was asked of him by Prospero. The witch had wanted help in wickedness; Prospero's commands were all to bring about more good.

To please his kind master Ariel filled the island with sweet music. Sometimes the music was soft and far away, without words; sometimes it was from Ariel himself, who sang songs like this — we may fancy that he learned it or made it when he played beside the sea:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Ariel loved Prospero and served him gladly, yet freedom was dearer than anything to this spirit of the air, and he longed to be wholly at liberty.

So liberty was promised him. Ariel should be free, Prospero said, after certain enemies had been turned into friends.

This last and best service Ariel cheerfully performed; — he helped his master win back his friends and his dukedom, and then vanished, to live at ease with the insects and flowers.

His song, when he knew his freedom was at hand, was:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch: when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A'riel: a spirit of the air. — **ebbing Neptune**: the falling tide. Neptune was the god of the sea. — **riv'en**: split. — **Pros'pero**. — **feat'ly**: nimbly. — **whist**: still. — **the burden bear**: take up the refrain or the chorus. — **when owls do cry**: at night. Ariel chooses the bat, which also flies at night, to bear him on his merry journeys.

RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Me., in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō′d'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular, not only in America, but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees

His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,

Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

seer: see note on Emerson, page 77. — **Aqua'rius**: the water-bearer. It is one of the star groups of the zodiac, associated in the East with the season of heavy rains. Aquarius is pictured as an old man. — **man'ifold**: many. — **bridge of colors seven**: the rainbow, on which the souls of the dead were once supposed to mount to heaven.

BOYHOOD IN THE SOUTH

JOHN B. GORDON

JOHN BROWN GORDON (1832–1904) was a gallant officer in the Confederate army. He was at one time governor of Georgia, and was well known as a lecturer.

My birthplace was my father's plantation in Upson County, Georgia, on the banks of the Flint River, and there my early boyhood was passed in the days before the war, when there were no railroads, no telegraphs, no daily newspapers, and few mails in that portion of the country. The cost of postage on a letter was five or ten cents, according to its size and the distance it was to go. The mails were carried in well-settled districts on horseback, and between important towns in stagecoaches. As the coaches, drawn by teams of four horses, with bugles sounding their approach, swept along the roads, they aroused in the country people more interest than would now be excited by the finest train of Pullman cars. The drivers, mounted on their lofty seats, were the envy of aspiring boys.

On the plantations of that day there was no machinery for compressing cotton into bales. The long bag was hung under a platform with a large round hole in the floor, through which the lint cotton was thrown by hand

into the swinging bag below. The packing was done by the most faithful and stalwart negro on the place, who stood inside the bag and tramped the cotton with his feet as it came down, and then pounded it with an iron bar.

The packer on my father's plantation was the negro foreman, known only as "Captain"—a very impressive personage, tall and straight, with side whiskers, and of austere bearing. He seemed to "boss" not only the negroes, but everybody and everything on the plantation. He would come out of this packing process covered from head to foot with a thin coating of lint cotton, looking like a man of snow with a black face. His habit was to get rid of the fine, fleecy lint by burning it off. Applied near his ankles, the flame ran over him in a second, cleaning off the lint with no perceptible damage to his clothing.

When about six years old I was standing by the fire when Captain came out of the cotton bag covered with an unusual amount of lint, and ordered me, "Touch me off now!" I obeyed. The blaze swept over him, cleaning off the lint from foot to head—and the side whiskers, too! He was cured of that habit.

Several years after this my father moved to north Georgia. Although plantation life there differed somewhat from that peculiar to the cotton belt, there were the

same kindly relations between the master and his men, the same free intercourse between the white and black boys on our plantation. We felt ourselves responsible for the protection of our black followers in case of conflicts with other boys; and I may add that the black companions of my boyhood drew me into a larger number of pitched battles in their defense than I afterwards fought in my four years of service in the Confederate army.

Constant and free intercourse from early childhood to mature years developed between the young white boys and their black companions a bond of true sympathy which the abolition of slavery has not wholly broken; and these ties of real affection between boys of both colors, between the white girls and their black maids, between the very young white children and their black "mammies" and nurses, ought to be a sufficient explanation of that wonderful loyalty of the slaves to the defenseless women and children left on the plantations during the Civil War.

In the fall season there were "corn shuckings," when the negroes from adjoining plantations met, first on this place and then on that, and shucked the great piles of corn, singing as they worked. When the work was finished at night, they seized the young master of the place, and hoisting him on their shoulders bore him

triumphantly around the premises to the great supper table, still singing their "corn songs."

On the Fourth of July the great plantation barbecues marked the day for the darkies. The entire expense was of course borne by the owner of the plantation. The negroes, old and young, male and female, assembled and roasted pigs and lambs and kids, ending with a frolic of strange games and dancing at night.

The great holiday of the year was the "Chris'mas time," as it was then called. At this festive occasion there was scarcely any restriction put upon the slaves; no limit to the liberties they were permitted to take with "ole marster" and "missus" and the younger members of the household. The excited darkies felt at liberty to creep silently into "the white folks's house" at earliest dawn, and often before the dawn, on Christmas morning, and startle every member of the household by shouting, "Chris'mas gif', ev'ybody!" Of course all responded with a gift.

Inbred as is hospitality among the Southern planters, their ruined fortunes have now rendered impracticable such visiting as was common fifty years ago. At that time large numbers of people of wealth, education, and refinement lived upon the plantations, and the hospitality was boundless. When a planter paid a visit he frequently

carried wife, children, servants, carriages, and horses, and settled down for an indefinite period of social enjoyment.

The building of the first school that I attended stood in a woodland not far from the main highway. It was built of hewn logs, but was well finished inside and out. At each end of the room there was an immense chimney, and in those broad fireplaces during the winter months great log fires were kept burning. The logs for this purpose were cut and brought in by details of the larger boys.

At another school there were "composition days" and "speaking days" in each week. On the former the larger girls and boys were required to read aloud before the whole school what were supposed to be original compositions or essays on subjects sometimes selected by themselves and sometimes by the teacher. And on the speaking days all except the smallest boys were required to declaim from the stage some selection committed to memory.

During these declamatory exercises the school was permitted to applaud successes and laugh at failures, which not only added interest and piquancy to the occasion, but stimulated the boys to perfect themselves in juvenile oratory, and was most helpful in developing self-control. The teacher himself would occasionally add to the school's amusement by some good-natured remark at the expense of the declaimer.

A friend of mine named Peter had selected for his speech that extract from Patrick Henry's famous oration which begins with the words, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

Peter confidently mounted the rostrum; but although he had quietly memorized his piece in his own room, he had not, as was the habit of more experienced boys, gone to the woods, thundered away at the trees, and so accustomed his ears to his own voice in declamation. Hence, startled by his own tones as he shouted from the stage, "I have but one lamp — lamp — lamp —," he could get no further. His speech had gone from his memory. He passed his left hand across his forehead in a vain effort to recall it, while with his right he pulled at his trousers as if he thought it might have slipped down into his pocket; but it came not. He began again, "I have but one lamp — lamp — lamp —," and then the teacher, amidst roars of laughter from the school, said, "Come down, Peter; your lamp has gone out."

Speaking of orations reminds me of a singular experience of my own. During my junior year at the University of Georgia I had the honor of being selected by the faculty as one of the six junior orators for the commencement exercises. Now, as I had imbibed from my father, who was an old-time Whig, an ardent admiration for

Henry Clay, I prepared for my commencement oration an elaborate eulogy upon this great Kentuckian. I had expended upon this speech the labor of many days and nights. Clay, winning position, power, and fame, despite the poverty and discouragements of his youth; Clay, the foremost orator of his day, the author of the timely compromises and the apostle of peace, — had been described in the strongest and most glowing sentences of which my boyish intellect was capable.

The last finishing touches had been given and the speech committed to memory, when the faculty notified me, and only a short time before commencement, that I must select another subject; that it was against the policy of the university to permit eulogies upon living statesmen!

This announcement filled me with consternation. Even if a subject could be thought of, the time was too short for suitable preparation. This theme or utter failure seemed the only alternatives. I am afraid that my grief was not so profound as it should have been over the death of Henry Clay, which occurred a few days before commencement, and just in time to permit the delivery of my eulogy.

Adapted.

bar'becue: the roasting of a whole pig or ox. — **eu'logy**: a speech in praise of a person. — **ros'trum**: a platform. This word has an interesting history.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

MRS. HEMANS

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was born in England in 1793, and died in 1835. She was a popular writer of poetry, and her work is marked by unusual taste and feeling. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is one of her best-known poems.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea —
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

FORBEARANCE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE. — The following poem was a tribute to Mr. James Elliot Cabot.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

pulse: peas and beans. The meaning is: Have you lived simply when you might have done otherwise?

THE MERMAID

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892) was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. His poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. When Tennyson was forty years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall.

A BIRD'S NEST

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, whose pen name for many years was Florence Percy, is an American poet.

Over my shaded doorway
  Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
  And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
  On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
  "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
  Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy,
  Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
  And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
  "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
  And fling them some flossy threads;

They fearlessly gather my bounty,
  And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
  And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
  "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded!
  What if the rain comes down!
They are all dressed to meet it,
  In waterproof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
  Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say, whatever the weather,
  "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
  Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
  Hidden in these soft words,
Which always, in shine or shadow,
  So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
  "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

PROFESSOR FROG'S LECTURE

M. A. L. Lane

Bobby was not quite sure that he was awake, but when he opened his eyes there was the blue sky, with the soft, white clouds drifting across it, the big pine waving its spicy branches over his head, and beyond, the glint of sunshine on the waters of the pond. Presently Bobby heard voices talking softly.

"This is a good specimen," said one voice. "See how stout and strong he looks!"

"I wonder who that is, and what he has found," thought Bobby. "I wish it was n't such hard work to keep my eyes open." He made a great effort, however, and raised his heavy lids. At first he could see nothing. Then he caught a glimpse of a mossy log, with a row of frogs and toads sitting upon it. They were looking solemnly at him. Bobby felt a little uncomfortable under that steady gaze.

"The toads are making their spring visit to the pond to lay their eggs," thought the boy. "I forgot that they were due this week."

"He must have done a good deal of mischief in his day," said an old bullfrog gravely. A chill crept over Bobby. "In his day —" What did that mean?

A toad hopped out from the line and came so close to Bobby that he could have touched her but for the strange spell which held him fast.

"Yes," said she; "this is one of the species. We are very fortunate to have caught him. Now we shall be ready to listen to Professor Rana's remarks."

Still Bobby could not move. What were they going to do? In a moment there was a rustling among the dry leaves, and dozens of frogs and toads were seen hurrying toward the pine tree. Among them was a ponderous frog, carrying a roll of manuscript under his arm. He wore huge goggles, and looked so wise that Bobby did not dare to laugh.

"I am very sleepy," murmured a portly toad near Bobby's left ear. "I laid over eight thousand eggs last night, and I have a long journey before me. But I must stay to hear this. We may never have such a chance again."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the professor in a sonorous tone which was easily heard for several feet, "this is a specimen of the creature known to us as the human tadpole. You will kindly observe his long legs. These were doubtless given to him for the purpose of protection. Being possessed of a most mischievous and reckless spirit, the species is always getting into

difficulties, and would probably become extinct if it had not the power to run away."

"Nonsense!" said Bobby, under his breath. There was a murmur of interest and curiosity among the crowd. Bobby felt his legs twitch nervously, but his power over them was gone.

"Otherwise," went on the lecturer, "he is not at all adapted to his surroundings. Observe how carefully we are dressed. The frogs have the green and brown tints of their homes by the water side. The toads look like lumps of dirt, so that they may not be too readily snapped up by snakes and birds of prey. But the Boy — to call him by his scientific name — has no such protection. Look at this red shirt and these white trousers, and this hat as big as a trout pool! Could anything be more ridiculous? Even a giraffe does not look so absurd as this."

A red flush mounted to Bobby's freckled cheeks, but this time he did not try to speak.

"Now," said the professor, "as far as we have been able to learn, the human tadpole is absolutely useless. We are therefore doing no harm in experimenting upon this specimen. There are plenty of them, and this one will not be a serious loss."

"Stop!" said Bobby, so unexpectedly that everybody jumped. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You will be so kind as to lie still," said the professor severely. "At present you are only a specimen."

There was no help for it. Bobby found it impossible to move hand or foot. He could wriggle a little, — that was all.

"Not only is the Boy entirely useless," went on the professor, "but he is often what may be called a pest, even to his own kind. He is endured in the world for what he may become when he is full-grown, and even then he is sometimes disappointing. You are familiar with many of his objectionable ways toward the animal world, but I am sure you would be surprised if you knew what a care and trouble he frequently is to his own people. He can be trusted to do few kinds of work. It is difficult to keep him clean. He does n't know how to get his own dinner. He has a genius for making weaker things miserable. He likes fishing, and he longs for a gun; he collects birds' eggs; he puts butterflies on pins; he stones squirrels; he teases his little sisters."

"Why is n't the species exterminated?" asked another frog angrily.

Then the toad near Bobby's ear spoke timidly: "I think you are a little unjust, Professor. I have known boys who were comparatively harmless."

"It is true that there may be a few, Mrs. Bufo," said

the professor with great politeness, "but as a class they may fairly be set down as of very doubtful value. Speak up, Tadpole, and say if I have made any false statements so far?"

Bobby fairly shouted in his eagerness to be heard.

"We *do* work," he said. "We have to go to school every day."

"What a help that must be to your parents and to the world at large!" said the frog with sarcasm. "I am surprised that we never see the results of such hard labor. Do you know how useful even our smallest tadpoles are? Without them this pond would no longer be beautiful, but foul and ill-smelling. As for what we do when we are grown up, modesty forbids me to praise the frogs, but do you know what a toad is worth to mankind?"

"No," said Bobby. "About two cents, I guess." Bobby did n't intend to be rude. He thought this a liberal valuation.

"Twenty dollars a year, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture!" cried the frog triumphantly. "What do you think of that?"

"I should like to know why," said Bobby, looking as if he thought Professor Rana was making fun of him.

"What are the greatest enemies of man?" asked the professor, peering over his goggles at poor Bobby.

"Tigers," said Bobby promptly; "or wolves."

"Wrong!" said the lecturer. "Insects. Insects destroy property in this country to the amount of four hundred million dollars annually. Insects destroy the crops upon which man depends for his food. Going to school has n't made you very wise, has it? Well, the toads are insect destroyers. That 's their business. If the State of Massachusetts only knew enough to make use of them, one million dollars might be saved every year. Does it seem to you that the human animal is so clever as it might be, when it allows such numbers of toads to be destroyed?"

"It 's a shame!" chimed in a voice from the front seats. "We keep out of the way as much as we can; we eat every kind of troublesome worm and insect, — the cutworm, cankerworm, tent caterpillar, army worm, rose

beetle, and the common house fly; we ask for no wages or food or care, — and what do we get in return? Not even protection and common kindness. If we had places where we could live in safety, who can tell the amount of good we might do? Yet I would not have this poor boy hurt if a word of mine could prevent it."

"This is a scientific meeting," observed the professor; "and benevolent sentiments are quite out of place. We will now proceed to notice the delicate nervous system of the creature. Stand closer, my friends, if you please."

"Nervous system, indeed!" said Bobby. "Boys don't have such silly things as nerves!"

Suddenly Bobby felt a multitude of tiny pin-pricks over the entire surface of his body. The suffering was not intense, but the irritation made him squirm and wince. He could not discover the cause of his discomfort, but at the professor's command it suddenly ceased.

"That will do," said the frog. "Each hair on his head is also connected with a nerve. Pull his hair, please!"

"Oh, don't!" said Bobby. "That hurts!"

Nobody listened to him. It did hurt, more than you would think, for tiny hands were pulling each hair separately. When the ordeal was over Bobby heard a faint noise in the grass as if some very small creatures were

scurrying away, but he could see nothing. He was winking his eyes desperately to keep from crying.

"The assistants may go now," said the professor; and the sound of little feet died away in the distance.

"How interesting this is!" murmured a plain-looking toad, who had been watching the experiments attentively.

"I think it 's mean," protested poor Bobby, "to keep a fellow fastened up like this, and then torment him."

"Does it hurt as much as being skinned, or having your legs cut off?" demanded the professor.

"Or should you prefer to be stepped on or burned up in a rubbish pile?" asked Mrs. Bufo.

"How should you like to be stoned or kicked, for a change?" said another toad sharply.

"Perhaps you would choose a fishhook in the corner of your mouth," said a voice from the pond.

"Or one run the entire length of your body," came a murmur from the ground under Bobby's head.

"Wait a minute," said the professor more gently. "We will give you a chance to defend yourself. It is not customary to inquire into the moral character of specimens, but we do not wish to be unjust. Perhaps you can explain why you made a bonfire the very next week after the toads came out of their winter quarters. Dozens of lives were destroyed before that fire was put out."

"I forgot about the toads," began Bobby.

"Carelessness!" said the professor. "Now you may tell us why you like to throw stones at us."

"To see you jump," said Bobby honestly.

"Thoughtlessness!" said the professor. "That's worse."

"Why do you kick us, instead of lifting us gently when we are in your way?" inquired a toad, in a stern voice.

"Because you will give me warts if I touch you," said Bobby, pleased to think that he had a good reason at last.

"Ignorance!" cried the professor. "The toad is absolutely harmless. It has about it a liquid which might cause pain to a cut finger or a sensitive tissue like that of the mouth or eye, but the old story that a toad is poisonous is a silly fable."

"Will you please tell me," asked a toad in a plaintive voice, "if you are the boy who last year carried home some of my babies in a tin pail, and let them die?"

"I'm afraid I am," said Bobby sorrowfully.

"Do explain why you dislike us!" said Mrs. Bufo in such a frank fashion that Bobby felt that he must tell the truth.

"I suppose it's your looks," said the boy, unable to frame his answer in more polite terms.

"Well, upon my word!" interrupted the professor. "I thought better of a boy than that. So you prefer boys

with pretty faces and soft, curling hair, and nice clothes, to those who can climb and jump and who are not afraid of a day's tramp in the woods."

"Of course I don't," said indignant Bobby. "I hate boys who are always thinking about their clothes."

"Oh, you do!" said the frog. "Now answer me a few more questions. Have you ever stolen birds' eggs?"

"Yes," said truthful Bobby.

"Have you collected butterflies?"

"Yes," said Bobby.

"Have you taken nuts from the squirrels' cupboards?"

"Yes," said Bobby.

"Do you think we ought to have a very friendly feeling toward you?" went on the questioner.

"No," said Bobby; "I don't."

"We have shown that you are not only useless but careless and thoughtless and ignorant," said the frog. "Is there any very good reason why we should let you go?"

Poor Bobby racked his brains to think of something that should appeal to his captors.

"I have a right to live, haven't I?" he said at last.

"Because you are so pretty?" suggested the professor, and Bobby's eyes fell with shame.

"Any better right than we have?" came a chorus of voices. Bobby was silent. He felt very helpless and insignificant.

There was a long pause. Then the frog professor smiled broadly at Bobby.

"Come," he said; "I like you. You are not afraid to be honest, and that 's something."

"If you will let me go," said Bobby, "I 'll see that the boys don't hurt you any more."

"I felt pretty sure that we 'd converted you," said the professor; "and I 'm going to let you go back and preach to the heathen, as the grown people say. You can see for yourself how much harm a boy can do if he does n't stop to think."

Bobby felt that he was free, and scrambled to his feet, rubbing first one arm and then the other to take the prickly feeling out of them. The frogs had vanished. There was only the blue sky, the waving pine tree, and the quiet pond.

"Well!" said Bobby with a long breath of amazement.

"Kerjunk!" came the warning voice of a frog somewhere near the water's edge.

"Yes, sir; I 'll remember," said Bobby, in the meekest of meek tones.

THE SINGING LESSON

JEAN INGELOW

JEAN INGELOW was born in Boston, England, in 1830, and died in 1897 at Kensington, near London. Her life was a quiet one, spent among the books and flowers she dearly loved. She wrote many stories and poems. "Mopsa the Fairy" and "Stories told to a Child" are two books that children like, and "Seven Times One" is found in almost every collection of verse for young readers.

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove —
  "Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story 's a moral, I know,
If you 'll try to find it out.

QUEEN ALICE

Lewis Carroll

Lewis Carroll was the pen name of an odd, shy, very learned Englishman, Charles L. Dodgson. He loved children, and the nonsense books he wrote for them have been translated into many languages. It is said that Queen Victoria was so much pleased with "Alice" that she asked the publishers to send her the author's next book. When the book arrived it proved to be a dry essay on mathematics. Mr. Dodgson was born in 1832 and died in 1898.

Note. — Alice is a little girl who has many wonderful adventures. In "Alice in Wonderland" she has very amusing conversations with a pack of cards and with the queer animals she meets. In "Through the Looking Glass," from which this selection is taken, Alice finds herself talking with the red and white queens of a set of chessmen.

"Well, this *is* grand!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a Queen so soon — and I'll tell you what it is, Your Majesty," she went on in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know."

So she got up and walked about — rather stiffly at first, for she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her. "And if I really am a Queen," she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she did n't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side. She would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. "Please, would you tell me —" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you 're spoken to!" the Queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that —"

"Ridiculous!" cried the Queen. "Why, don't you see, child —" Here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a Queen'? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you 've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it the better."

"I only said 'if'!" poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked with a little shudder, "She says she only said, 'if' —"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth — think before you speak — and write it down afterwards."

"I'm sure I did n't mean —" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That 's just what I complain of! You *should* have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child 's more important than a joke, I hope. You could n't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my *hands*," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you could n't if you tried."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled feebly and said, "And I invite you."

"I did n't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think *I* ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked; "but I dare say you 've not had many lessons in manners yet."

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort."

"Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What 's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily; "but —"

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what 's the answer to that?"

"I suppose —" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone would n't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog would n't remain; it would come to bite me — and I 'm sure *I* should n't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that 's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how —"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, would n't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she could n't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we *are* talking!"

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know *that!*" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour —"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

"Well, it is n't *picked* at all," Alice explained; it 's *ground* —"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You must n't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She 'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She 's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know Languages? What 's the French for 'fiddle-de-dee'?"

"'Fiddle-de-dee' is not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you 'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I 'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish Queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder—no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I mean the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

"Which reminds me —," the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday, — I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said: "That's a poor, thin way of doing things. Now *here*, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together — for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as *cold*, by the same rule — "

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, *and* five times as cold — just as I'm five times as rich as you are, *and* five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

Abridged.

WHERE THE THUNDER LIVES

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is an American story-writer, whose books of negro folklore are full of interest and entertainment. Few books are so much enjoyed by young readers as "Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris was born in 1848; his home is in Georgia. "Where the Thunder Lives" is from a book called "Mr. Rabbit at Home."

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was curious to know something about everything that happened.

One day the Thunder came rolling along, knocking at everybody's door and running a race with the noise it made. The little girl listened, and wondered what the Thunder was and where it went.

While she was standing there, wondering and listening, an old man with a bundle on his back and a stout staff in his hand came along the road.

He bowed and smiled when he saw the little girl. As she didn't return the bow or the smile, he paused and asked her what the trouble was.

"I hope you are not lost?" he said.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "I was listening for the Thunder and wondering where it goes."

"The Thunder lives on top of yonder mountain," the old man said.

"Oh, I should like ever so much to go there!" exclaimed the little girl.

"Why not?" said the old man. "The mountain is on my road, and, if you say the word, we'll go together."

The little girl took the old man's hand, and they journeyed toward the mountain. The old man took long strides forward, and he was strong enough to lift the little girl at every step, so that when they reached the foot of the mountain she was not very tired.

Its sides seemed to be rough and dark. But far up on the topmost peak the clouds had gathered, and from these the lightning flashed incessantly.

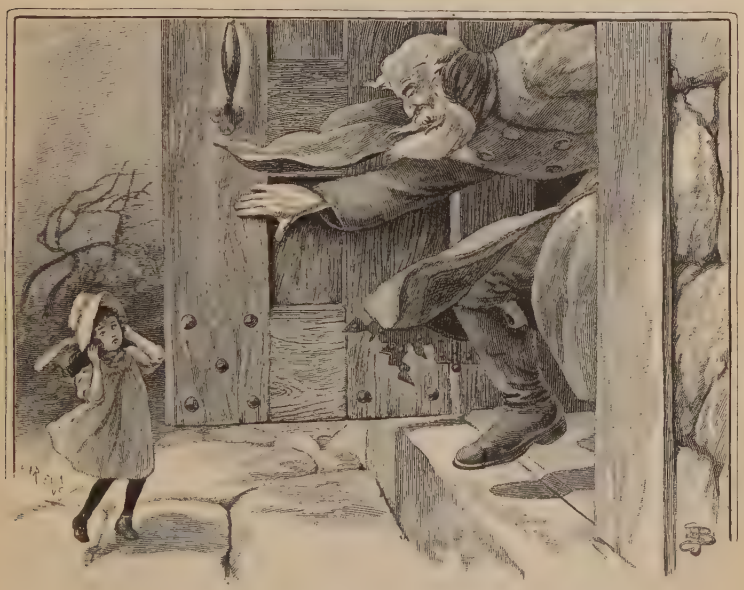
When they had rested awhile the old man made the little girl climb on his back. He declared that she would do him a great favor by holding his bundle in place.

So she sat upon the bundle, and in this way they went up the high mountain almost as rapidly as the little girl could run on level ground.

When they had come nearly to the top, the old man said, "The rest of the way you will have to go alone. There is nothing to fear. Yonder you can see the gable of the Thunder's house. Go to the door, knock, and do not be alarmed at any noise you hear."

The little girl went forward, and soon came to the door of Mr. Thunder's house. It was a very big door to a very big house.

The knocker was so heavy that the little girl could hardly lift it. When she let it fall, the noise it made sent a loud echo rolling and tumbling down the mountain.



Presently she heard footsteps coming down the wide hall to the door.

"I thought I heard some one knocking," said a hoarse, gruff voice.

Then the big door flew open, and there, standing before her, the little girl saw a huge figure. It wore heavy boots, a big overcoat, and under its long, thick beard there was a muffler a yard wide.

"Who knocked at the door?" it cried.

Its voice sounded so loud that the little girl put her fingers in her ears.

"Don't talk so loud, please," she said. "I'm not deaf."

"Oh!" cried the giant at the door. "You are there, are you? You are so small I didn't see you at first. Come in!"

The Thunder led the way into a wide sitting room, where a fire was burning brightly in the biggest fireplace the little girl had ever seen. A pair of tongs as tall as a man stood in one corner, and in the other was a shovel to match. A long pipe lay on the mantel.

"There's no place for you to sit except on the floor," said the Thunder.

"I can sit on the bed," suggested the little girl.

The Thunder laughed so loudly that the little girl had to close her ears again. "That's my footstool," the Thunder said, when it could catch its breath.

"Well," said the little girl, "it's big enough for a bed. It's very soft and nice."

The Thunder took the long pipe from the mantel and lit it with a pine splinter, the flame of which flashed through the windows with dazzling brightness.

"Folks will say that is heat lightning," remarked the little girl.

"Yes," replied the Thunder; "farmers to the north of us will say there's going to be a drought, because of lightning in the south. Farmers to the south of us will say there's going to be rain, because of lightning in the north. They do not know that I am smoking my pipe."

But somehow, in turning around, the Thunder knocked the big tongs over. They fell upon the floor with a tremendous crash.

The floor appeared to give forth a sound like a drum, only a thousand times louder. Although the little girl had her fingers in her ears, she could hear the echoes go rattling down the mountain side and out into the valley.

"Now, that is too bad," said the Thunder. "The Whirlwind in the south will hear that and come flying; the West Wind will hear it and come rushing. They will drag the clouds after them, thinking that I am ready to take my ride. Here they come now!"

The little girl listened, and, sure enough, the winds were screaming around the windows and whistling through the cracks and keyholes.

"I shall have to go with them," said the Thunder. "It's the only way to quiet them."

"Do you always wear your overcoat?" the little girl asked.

"Always," replied the Thunder. "There's no telling what moment I shall be called. Sometimes I go just for a frolic, and sometimes I am obliged to go. Will you stay until I return?"

"Oh, no," the little girl replied; "the house is too large. I should be afraid to stay here alone."

"I am sorry," said the Thunder. "Come and see me get into my carriage."

They went to the door. The winds had drawn the clouds to the steps, and into these the Thunder climbed.

"Good-by," he cried to the little girl. "Stay where you are until we are out of sight."

There was a flash of light, a snapping sound, a rattling crash, and the Thunder, with the clouds for his carriage and the winds for his horses, went roaming and rumbling through the sky, over the hills and valleys.

When the wind had driven the thick clouds away, and the Thunder with them, the little girl went back to the place where she had left the old man.

Abridged.

PRINCE CHARLIE

Louisa M. Alcott

Louisa May Alcott, a popular writer for young people, was born in Philadelphia in 1832. Much of her life was spent in Concord, Mass. Among her books are, "Little Women," "Little Men," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Eight Cousins." Miss Alcott died in 1888.

Note. — The following lesson is taken from the book called "Little Men."[1] Plumfield was a school for boys, ruled over by wise Professor Bhaer and his delightful wife. Dan was one of the "difficult" boys. He was not used to obeying rules, and it was hard work to keep him out of mischief. How Mrs. Bhaer tamed her wild boy is as interesting reading as this story of how Dan tamed Charlie.

A fine young horse of Mr. Laurie's was kept at Plumfield, running loose in a large pasture across the brook. All the boys were interested in the handsome, spirited creature, and for a time were fond of watching him gallop and frisk, with his plumy tail flying and his handsome head in the air. But they soon grew tired of it, and left Prince Charlie to himself. All but Dan; *he* never tired of looking at the horse, and seldom failed to visit him each day with a lump of sugar, a bit of bread, or an apple to make himself welcome.

Charlie was grateful, accepted his friendship, and the two loved one another as if they felt some tie between them, inexplicable but strong. In whatever part of the

[1] Copyright, 1871, by Louisa M. Alcott, and, 1899, by J. S. P. Alcott.

field he might be, Charlie always came at full speed when Dan whistled at the bars, and the boy was never happier than when the beautiful, fleet creature put its head on his shoulder, looking up at him with fine eyes full of intelligent affection.

"We understand one another without any palaver, don't we, old fellow?" Dan would say, proud of the horse's confidence, and so jealous of his regard that he told no one how well the friendship prospered, and asked no one but Teddy to accompany him on these daily visits.

Mr. Laurie came now and then to see how Charlie got on, and spoke of having him broken to harness in the autumn.

"He won't need much taming, he is such a gentle, fine-tempered brute. I shall come out and try him with a saddle myself some day," he said on one of these visits.

"He lets me put a halter on him, but I don't believe he will bear a saddle even if *you* put it on," answered Dan, who never failed to be present when Charlie and his master met.

"I shall coax him to bear it, and not mind a few tumbles at first. He has never been harshly treated, so, though he will be surprised at the new performances, I think he won't be frightened, and his antics will do no harm."

"I wonder what he would do," said Dan to himself, as Mr. Laurie went away with the professor, and Charlie returned to the bars, from which he had retired when the gentlemen came up.

A daring fancy to try the experiment took possession of the boy as he sat on the topmost rail with the glossy back temptingly near him. Never thinking of danger, he obeyed the impulse, and while Charlie unsuspectingly nibbled at the apple he held, Dan quickly and quietly took his seat. He did not keep it long, however, for with an astonished snort, Charlie reared straight up, and deposited Dan on

the ground. The fall did not hurt him, for the turf was soft, and he jumped up, saying, with a laugh, —

"I did it anyway! Come here, you rascal, and I 'll try it again."

But Charlie declined to approach, and Dan left him, resolving to succeed in the end; for a struggle like this suited him. He took a halter the next time, and having got it on, played with the horse for a while, leading him to and fro, and putting him through various antics till he was a little tired; then Dan sat on the wall and gave him bread, but watched his chance and, getting a good grip of the halter, slipped on to his back.

Charlie tried the old trick, but Dan held on, having had practice with Toby, who occasionally had an obstinate fit and tried to shake off his rider. Charlie was both amazed and indignant; and, after prancing for a minute, set off at a gallop, and away went Dan, heels over head.

If he had not belonged to the class of boys who go through all sorts of dangers unscathed, he would have broken his neck; as it was, he got a heavy fall, and lay still, collecting his wits, while Charlie tore round the field, tossing his head with every sign of satisfaction at the discomfiture of his rider. Presently it seemed to occur to him that something was wrong with Dan, and, being of a magnanimous nature, he went to see what the matter was.

Dan let him sniff about and perplex himself for a few minutes; then he looked up at him, saying, as decidedly as if the horse could understand, —

"You think you have beaten, but you are mistaken, old boy; and I'll ride you yet — see if I don't."

He tried no more that day, but soon after attempted a new method of introducing Charlie to a burden. He strapped a folded blanket on his back, and let him race, and rear, and roll, and fume as much as he liked. After a few fits of rebellion Charlie submitted, and permitted Dan to mount him, often stopping short to look round, as if he said, half patiently, half reproachfully, "I don't understand it, but I suppose you mean no harm, so I permit the liberty."

Mr. Laurie was much amused, and, well pleased with Dan's courage and skill, let him have a hand in all future performances; for he set about Charlie's education at once, saying that he was not going to be outdone by a slip of a boy. Thanks to Dan, Charlie took kindly to the saddle and bridle when he had once reconciled himself to the indignity of the bit; and after Mr. Laurie had trained him a little, Dan was permitted to ride him, to the great envy and admiration of the other boys.

Abridged.

pală'ver: idle talk, flattery. — **unscathed'**: unharmed.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

CHARLES MACKAY

CHARLES MACKAY (1814–1889) was a popular Scotch writer of prose and poetry. He was well known as editor and correspondent of London papers.

NOTE. — Holly, as every one knows, is the symbol or sign of Christmas, but the custom of using it is older than Christianity. The Romans sent friendly greetings and sprigs of holly to one another during their winter festival. For this reason, perhaps, it was taken to stand for the Christmas spirit of love and good will.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,

In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old love and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

estranged: separated from. This word comes from the Latin *ex*, which, easily lengthened to *extra*, becomes *estrange* with little change of meaning. Literally, therefore, a stranger is *one from without*.

THE TOURNAMENT

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE is a Southern writer. The selection given below is from her adaptation of the tales of King Arthur's Court.

NOTE. — One of the chief knights of Arthur's Round Table was Lancelot. He was so renowned that it was said of him that men went down before him in the lists through the power of his reputation rather than of his superior skill. Hearing this gossip Lancelot resolved to enter the lists in disguise. Accordingly, he borrowed a shield, and in company with a young knight, Sir Lavaine, rode away to the tournament. The whole story is beautifully told in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine."

The two knights rode on to the lists, and as they journeyed the elder said, "Hear, but hold my name hidden; you ride with Lancelot of the Lake."

Lavaine was surprised and abashed at the great name, and stammered as he replied, "Is it so indeed?" Then, as if to himself, he murmured, "The great Lancelot!"

When they reached the lists by Camelot, in the meadow, the young, unproven knight was overjoyed at the gorgeous sight which met his eyes. The great semicircular gallery of seats, filled with richly dressed spectators, "lay like a rainbow fallen upon the grass." The knights, magnificent in their armored array, were already assembling in the lists. The Round Table knights were the challenging party, and those who came to tilt against

them were kings, princes, and barons, and knights from far and near.

Lavaine let his eyes wander till they found the clear-faced king. In high estate King Arthur sat, robed in red samite. The golden dragons of his father, Uther Pendragon, or Uther Dragonhead, stood out in all the carvings about the royal seat. A golden dragon, clinging to his crown, writhed down his long robe. Two others formed the arms of the chair of state. Just above the king's head, in the ornaments of the canopy, was a golden flower, the center of which was the ninth and largest diamond, the prize of the day.

Lancelot's eyes also sought the king, and he said to Lavaine: "Me you call great — I am not great; there is the man."

There was little time for converse then. Lavaine beheld the company of knights divide,—they that assailed and they that held the lists taking positions at opposite ends of the great, oval field. With helmets crested with their ladies' favors or with nodding plumes, and long lances bedecked with pennons that danced to the lilt of the breeze, the great company of knights awaited the signal for the onset. And, no less impatient than their riders, the splendid war horses quivered for the spring.

As the knights formed lines for the coming shock, Lancelot, signaling to Lavaine, drew out of the range of combat. The younger knight would fain have entered the sport at once, but the wish of Lancelot was law to his hero-worshiping heart, and he followed his leader.

Suddenly the heralds blew a mighty blast on their trumpets; the knights struck spur; and riders and steeds, alike wild with the joy of conflict, hurled them together in the center of the lists. Then for a few mad, glorious moments the hard earth trembled with the shock, and the clear air of morning reverberated with the thunder of arms.

Lancelot tarried a little till he saw which was the strongest party; then hurled his force against it, Lavaine following his lead.

The knights of the Round Table were by far the mightier in the field till he of the scarlet sleeve dashed against them. Then was Lancelot Lancelot indeed. No need to speak of his glory. "King, duke, earl, count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew."

tour'nament: a mock battle held by the knights of olden time to show their skill. Ladies witnessed the game, and rewarded the victors with wreaths or prizes. — **lists**: the ground inclosed for a combat or race. — **Cam'elot**: the city in which was Arthur's royal palace. — **dragons**: Arthur's father, Uther, took as his emblem a dragon, and a gold dragon was always carried before him into battle. — **fain**: gladly. — **them**: themselves. — **scarlet sleeve**: it was customary for each knight to wear a lady's favor as an evidence of her interest in his success. A sleeve was a common token.

SPIDERS AND THEIR HOMES

Spiders are not looked upon with much admiration or affection, although their industry and their perseverance are well known. As a matter of fact, they are not only able and patient workers, but, in temperate climates at least, they are usually innocent and harmless. They rarely bite, and then only in self-defense.

We may look for spiders in all kinds of places. Some species like to live in cellars or in attics, where they are not likely to be disturbed. Others prefer to make their nests under the edges of shingles or in the cracks of a wall, while many others live on the ground or under the bark of trees. There are wary little spiders who live among the flowers, ready to catch any insect visitors.

Spiders are divided into two groups, — the cobweb spiders who spin webs and lie in wait for their prey, and the hunting spiders who go boldly forth to seek it. The fine silk of the webs and of the cocoons which hold the eggs is very wonderful. Some spiders weave soft silk nests among the leaves, and their babies find themselves in the daintiest of cradles.

One spider has a curious way of building her house. She first makes a hole or cave in the ground, six or seven inches deep. In this burrow she will keep her

babies when the weather is chilly, and many spiders would be content with such a warm, comfortable home. But she is not so easily satisfied, and she cannot rest until she has added a tower to her mansion. She is carpenter, mason, and house mother all in one.

The timbers which she uses are scarcely two inches in length, and her bricks are tiny round balls of earth. She works inside her burrow, placing her sticks with care. She holds each log in place with her fore legs and fastens it with strong silk. Then she arranges her bricks neatly and evenly, taking great pains that there shall be no rough corners to hurt her little ones. When the work is finished she has a fine tower, more than two inches high, where her babies may enjoy the sunshine.

Selected.

THE KING

T. B. Aldrich

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, an American author, editor, and poet, was born in 1836. His "Story of a Bad Boy" is very good reading for young people. Mr. Aldrich's poems have a delicate grace and sweetness.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way —
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high or low,
All this they saw, or might have seen —
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things —
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

COSETTE—I

Victor Hugo

Victor Hugo was a famous French writer who was born in 1802. He was a frail, sickly child, but he lived to be an old man. He wrote many powerful novels, poems, and plays. In his writings he always tried to make people sorry for the poor and suffering. At one time he was banished from France because he wrote against the government. He spent the last years of his life in his home in Paris, greatly loved and honored by the French people. He died in 1885.

Note. — Cosette is one of the characters in a novel called "Les Misérables," or "The Wretched Ones." She was a little girl who had been left by her mother in the care of a hard and cruel woman, the wife of an innkeeper. This woman, who was called Madame Thénardier, had two little girls of her own to whom she gave toys and pretty clothes, but poor little Cosette had no such pleasures.

Cosette was in her usual place, seated on the crosspiece of the kitchen table, near the fireplace. She was dressed in rags; her bare feet were in wooden shoes, and by the light of the fire she was knitting woolen stockings for the little Thénardiers. In the next room the fresh voices of the two children were heard laughing and prattling.

On this Christmas evening several men were seated at table in the low room of the Thénardier's inn. Four new guests had just come in. Cosette was thinking sadly that it was evening, late in the evening, that the bowls and pitchers in the rooms must be filled, and that there was no more water in the cistern. From time to time one of

the travelers would look out into the street and say, "It is as dark as an oven!" or, "It would take a cat to go along the streets to-night!" and Cosette shuddered.

All at once a man came in from the yard and said in a harsh voice, "You have not watered my horse."

Cosette came out from under the table.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said she; "the horse did drink. He drank from the bucket, and I carried the bucket to him and talked to him."

This was not true. Cosette was afraid, and she told a lie.

"Here is a girl as big as my fist who can tell a lie as big as a house," said the man. "I say he has not had any water."

Cosette went back under the table.

Madame Thénardier threw the street door open.

"Well," she said angrily, "what has become of that girl? Go and carry some drink to this horse."

"But, Madame," said Cosette feebly, "there is no water."

"Go after some!" Madame went back to the stove as she spoke. "There is plenty at the spring. She is the laziest girl that ever was. Here, Miss, get a loaf of bread at the baker's when you come back. Here are fifteen cents."

Cosette had gone for an empty bucket that was by the fireplace. The bucket was so large that she could have sat down in it with comfort. The child had a little pocket in the side of her apron. She took the money without saying a word and dropped it into this pocket, but she did not seem to see the open door.

"Go along!" cried Madame Thénardier. Cosette went out. The door closed.

Exactly opposite Thénardier's door was a toyshop all glittering with Christmas toys. In front was a great doll, nearly two feet high, dressed in pink crape and with real hair and blue eyes. The whole day this magnificent doll had stood there, but no mother was rich enough to buy it for her child.

As Cosette went out, sad and frightened, she could not help raising her eyes toward this wonderful doll — toward the *lady*, as she called it. She was saying to herself, "One must be a queen, or at least a princess, to have a doll like that!" She could not turn away. She forgot everything, even the errand on which she was sent. Suddenly she heard a rough voice:

"Haven't you gone yet? Be off with you!"

Cosette fled with her bucket, running as fast as she could.

The poor child now found herself in thick darkness.

She shook the handle of her bucket as much as she could on the way. That made a noise which kept her company.

As long as she had houses in sight, she went on boldly enough. From time to time she saw the light of a candle through cracks in the shutter. It was life and light to her. When she had passed the last house, she stopped. It was now open country, — dark, silent country. Perhaps in this darkness there were wild beasts. She could almost hear them moving in the grass.

"I will go back," she said to herself. Then she thought of Madame Thénardier with her cruel face and her angry eyes. Where should she go? What would become of her? She took up the bucket again and began to run toward the spring.

It was a small, natural basin about two feet deep and paved with a few large stones. Cosette did not take time to breathe. It was very dark, but she bent down and plunged her bucket into the water. She did not notice that something fell from her pocket into the spring. She neither saw nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket and set it on the grass. Then she found that all her strength was gone. She could not take a step. She sat down and closed her eyes.

Then the fear of Madame Thénardier came back to her. She was afraid of the great, silent darkness. She longed

to fly with all her might across the woods, across the fields, to houses, to windows, to lighted candles. Still, she did not dare to go without her bucket of water. She grasped the handle with both hands. She could hardly lift the bucket.

She went a dozen steps, but she had to stop again and again. She walked, bending forward, her head down like an old woman. The iron handle was freezing her little wet hands. The cold water splashed over her bare knees. Sobs choked her, but she did not dare to cry, so great was her fear of Madame Thénardier, even at this distance.

At that moment she felt all at once that the weight of the bucket was gone. She raised her head. A large dark figure was walking beside her. It was a man who had come up behind her. Without saying a word, this man had grasped the handle of the bucket she was carrying.

COSETTE — II

Cosette was not afraid. The man spoke to her.

"My child," he said, "this is very heavy for you."

"Yes, sir," said Cosette.

"How old are you, little girl?" said he.

"Eight years, sir."

"You have no mother, then?"

"I don't know," said the child.

"Who was it sent you into the woods after water at this time of night?"

"Madame Thénardier," said Cosette.

"What does she do, your Madame Thénardier?" asked the man.

"She is my mistress," said the child; "and she keeps the inn."

"The inn?" said the man. "Well, I am going there. Show me the way."

Cosette walked beside him. She no longer felt tired or afraid. Soon the man spoke again:

"Is there no servant at the inn?"

"No, sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir. Only there are two little girls."

"Who are they and what do they do?" asked the man.

"Oh!" said the child; "they are Madame Thénardier's daughters, and they have beautiful playthings. They play all day long."

"And you?"

"Oh, I work."

"All day long?"

The child raised her face and said softly: "Yes, sir; though sometimes I play a little. I have a lead sword as long as that." The child showed her little finger.

"And which does not cut?" said the man.

"Oh, yes," said Cosette; "it cuts lettuce."

As they drew near the inn the child said timidly:

"Will you let me take the bucket now?"

"Why?" asked the man.

"Because Madame will whip me if she sees that any one brought it for me."

The man gave her the bucket and the door opened.

"Well," said the innkeeper's wife, "you have taken your time; you have been playing."

"Madame," said Cosette, trembling, "here is a gentleman who was looking for the inn."

"Is it this gentleman?" said the woman.

"Yes, Madame," said the traveler, touching his hat. Cosette went silently to work. She dared not dry herself at the fire.

Suddenly Madame spoke: "Oh, I forgot! That bread!"

Cosette plunged her hand into her pocket, and turned white. The money was not there.

"Have you lost it?" said the innkeeper's wife, reaching out her arm toward a whip hanging on the wall.

The man had been watching Cosette.

"Here, Madame," said he; "here is the money."

"Yes, that is it," said the woman, as her fingers closed over the silver which he held out to her. She had seen that it was not fifteen but twenty cents which he had given her.

"What is she knitting?" the man asked in a gentle voice.

"Stockings, if you please," said Madame. "Stockings for my little girls."

The man looked at Cosette's poor, red feet.

"When will she finish that pair of stockings?"

"It will take her at least three or four good days, the lazy thing!" said Madame.

"And how much might the stockings be worth when they are done?"

Madame looked at him.

"About thirty cents," she said.

"Will you take a dollar for them now?" asked the man.

The innkeeper thought it was time to speak.

"Yes," he said; "you may have the stockings for a dollar. We can refuse nothing to travelers."

"You must pay for them now," said Madame sharply.

"I will buy that pair of stockings," said the man, drawing the money from his pocket. "Now your work belongs to me. Play, my child."

Cosette trembled.

"Madame, is it true? May I play?"

"Play!" said Madame in a terrible voice.

"Thank you, Madame," said Cosette. While she said this all her little soul was thanking the traveler.

Madame's little girls had been playing with their doll. They had left it on the floor near the kitchen table. In the meantime Cosette had dressed up her little lead sword for a doll. She rocked it in her arms and sang it to sleep.

All at once Cosette stopped. She had turned her head and seen the doll upon the floor. She crept out upon her hands and knees, seized the doll, and in a moment more was in her old place again.

Suddenly she heard Madame's angry voice: "Cosette!"

Cosette shuddered as if at an earthquake. She took the doll and placed it gently and reverently on the floor. Then she did what nothing else had made her do, — the run in the woods, nor her fear, nor the loss of her money, nor the sight of the whip, nor Madame's hard words. She began to cry.

The man walked straight to the door, opened it, and went out. Soon the door opened again and he came in carrying the magnificent doll of the toyshop. He went to Cosette and held it out to her, saying:

"Here, this is for you!"

Cosette raised her eyes. She saw the man coming near with the doll as she would have seen the sun coming near. She looked at him, she looked at the doll; and then she went and hid herself under the table as far as she could.

There was a silence in the room. The innkeeper looked at the traveler as he would have looked at a bag of money.

"My little Cosette," said he in a voice which was meant to be sweet, "take your doll."

Cosette felt as if some one had said, "Little girl, you are Queen of France."

"May I, Madame?" she said softly.

"It is yours," said Madame, "since the gentleman gives it to you."

"Is it true? is it true?" cried Cosette. "Is the lady for me, sir? I will call her Katharine."

It was a strange moment when Cosette held the ribbons and fresh pink muslins of the doll against her own rags. She went to bed holding Katharine in her arms.

Some time after, when the house was still, the stranger passed through the hall, as if looking for something. By the stairs, among all sorts of old baskets and rubbish, there was a bed, if it could be called a bed. There were neither sheets nor pillows, and the mattress lay on the floor. In this bed Cosette was sleeping.

She was sleeping soundly; she was dressed. She held the doll fast in her arms. Its wide blue eyes shone in the darkness. One of Cosette's wooden shoes stood beside her bed. In the room beyond, by the fireplace, stood two dainty little shoes ready for the good fairy of Christmas. The man bent over them. In each was a beautiful, shining piece of silver.

The man rose and was about to go away when, at the other end of the fireplace, he saw a clumsy, empty, wooden shoe, half broken and covered with mud. It was Cosette's shoe. Cosette was a child and she had

a child's faith. She too had placed her shoe in the fireplace.

When the stranger went back to his room there was a piece of yellow gold in the wooden shoe.

"Are you up so soon?" said Madame to the stranger the next morning. "Are you going to leave us already?"

"Yes," said the man; "I am going away."

The innkeeper's wife handed him the bill, but though he looked at the paper his mind was on something else.

"Madame," said he, "do you have a good business here?"

"Oh, sir," she began, "the times are very hard, and there are few rich travelers like you. And that little girl eats us out of house and home."

"What little girl?" said the stranger.

"Why, Cosette, the Lark, as they call her. How stupid people are! She looks more like a bat."

The man spoke again, and his voice trembled a little.

"Suppose I should take her away. Will you let me have her?"

"Who? Cosette?"

"Yes."

"Ah, sir, my good sir! take her and keep her and carry her off! You will really take her away?"

"I will."

At this moment the innkeeper himself came into the room. He had heard every word.

"Sir," said he, "if you take Cosette, I must have three hundred dollars."

The stranger took from his pocket an old, black pocket-book, opened it, and drew from it three bank notes.

"Bring Cosette," he said simply.

While this was going on, what was Cosette doing?

As soon as she was awake she had run to her wooden shoe and found the gold piece in it. She did not know that it was a piece of gold; she had never seen one before. Still she felt a joy in the gift and that it meant some good for her.

"Cosette," said Madame almost gently, "come quick." Cosette followed her.

The stranger took a bundle he had brought and untied it. It contained a little frock and apron, warm skirts, a scarf, woolen stockings, and shoes.

"My child," said he, "go and dress yourself."

An hour later there passed on the road to Paris a man leading a little girl who had a pink doll. When she was tired the man took her in his arms. Cosette, without letting go of Katharine, laid her head on his shoulder and went to sleep.

Adapted from the French.

Cosette'. — **Thénardier** (tā-nar'di-ā).

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE AND MADAM HANCOCK

Louisa M. Alcott

Note. — "An Old-Fashioned Girl," [1] from which this story is taken, is one of the best of Miss Alcott's books. Polly, "the old-fashioned girl," seeing that grandma feels lonely and neglected, has coaxed the children to spend a rainy afternoon in the old lady's room. Grandma shows them her treasures, among them an old glove which reminds her of a story.

"Ah, that has a story worth telling!" cried grandma; adding proudly, "Treat that old glove respectfully, my children, for Lafayette's honored hand has touched it."

"Oh, grandma, did you wear it? Did you see him? Do tell us all about it," cried Polly.

Grandma loved to tell this story, and always assumed her most imposing air to do honor to her theme. Drawing herself up, therefore, she folded her hands, and after two or three "hems" began with an absent look, as if her eyes beheld a far-away time, which brightened as she gazed.

"The first visit of Lafayette was before my time, of course, but I heard so much about it from my grandfather that I really felt as if I 'd seen it all. Our Aunt Hancock lived in the Governor's house, on Beacon Hill, at that time." Here the old lady bridled still more, for she was very proud of "our aunt."

[1] Copyright, 1870, by Louisa M. Alcott, and, 1898, by J. S. P. Alcott.

"Ah, my dears, those were the good old times!" she continued with a sigh. "Such dinners and tea parties, such damask tablecloths and fine plate, such solid, handsome furniture and elegant carriages! Aunt's was lined with red silk velvet, and when the coach was taken from her at the Governor's death she just ripped out the lining and we girls had spencers made of it. Dear heart, how well I remember playing in aunt's great garden, and chasing Jack up and down those winding stairs; and my blessed father, in his plum-colored coat and knee buckles, and the queue I used to tie up for him every day, handing aunt in to dinner, looking so dignified and splendid!"

Grandma seemed to forget her story for a minute, and become a little girl again among the playmates dead and gone so many years. Polly motioned the others to be quiet, and no one spoke till the old lady, with a long sigh, came back to the present and went on.

"Well, as I was saying, the Governor wanted to give a breakfast to the French officers, and Madam, who was a hospitable soul, got up a splendid one for them. But by some mistake or accident it was discovered at the last minute that there was nó milk.

"A great deal was needed, and very little could be bought or borrowed; so despair fell upon the cooks and maids, and the great breakfast would have been a failure

if Madam, with the presence of mind of her sex, had not suddenly bethought herself of the cows feeding on the Common.

"To be sure, they belonged to her neighbors, and there was no time to ask leave, but it was a national affair; our allies *must* be fed. Feeling sure that her patriotic friends would gladly lay their cows on the altar of their country, Madam Hancock covered herself with glory by calmly issuing the command, 'Milk 'em!'

"It was done, to the great astonishment of the cows, and the entire satisfaction of the guests, among whom was Lafayette.

"The time when I saw Lafayette was in 1825. Uncle Hancock was dead, and aunt had married Captain Scott. She was living in Federal Street at the time,— a most aristocratic street then, children, — and we lived close by.

"Old Josiah Quincy was mayor of the city, and he sent aunt word that the Marquis Lafayette wished to pay his respects to her.

"Of course she was delighted, and we all flew about to make ready for him. Aunt was an old lady, but she made a grand toilet, and was as anxious to look well as any girl. She wore a steel-colored satin, trimmed with black lace, and on her cap was pinned a Lafayette badge of white satin.

"I never shall forget how *beau-u-tifully* she looked as she sat in state on the front parlor sofa, right under a portrait of her first husband. Beside her sat Madam Storer and Madam Williams, elegant to behold in their stiff silks, rich lace, and stately turbans.

"We girls had dressed the house with flowers; old Mr. Coolidge sent in a clothes basket full. Joe Joy provided the badges. I wore my green and white palmyrine, my hair bowed high, the beautiful leg-o'-mutton sleeves that were so becoming, and these very gloves.

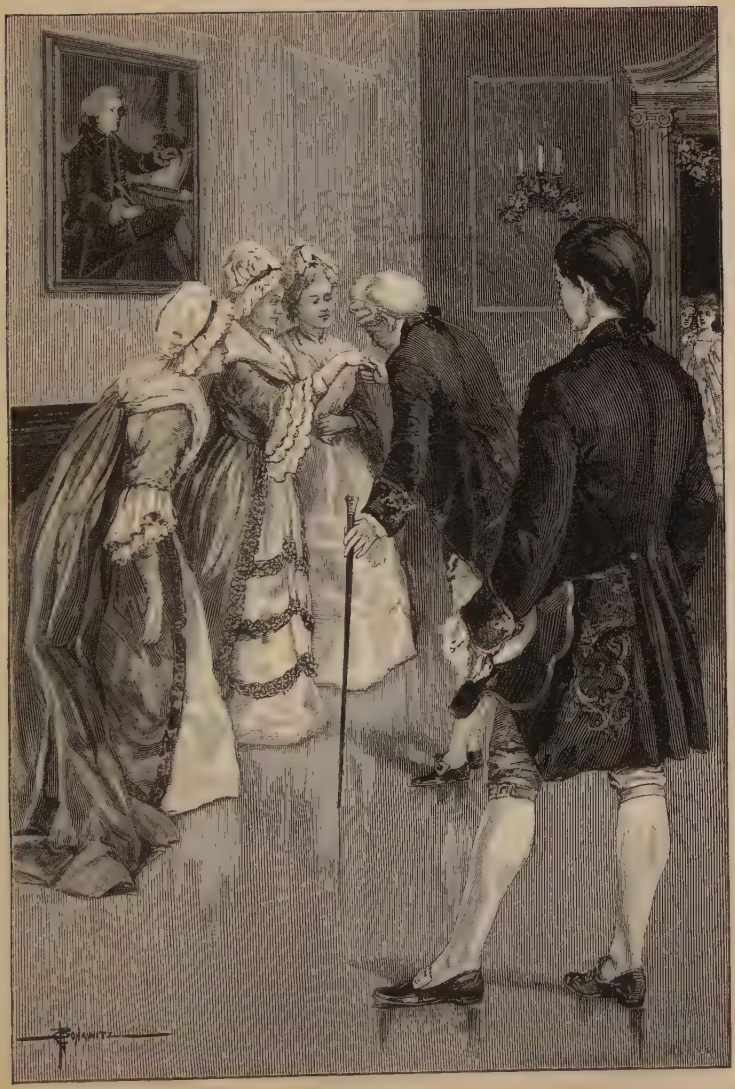
"Well, by and by the General, escorted by the mayor, drove up. Dear me! I see him now,— a little old man in nankeen trousers and vest, a long, blue coat and ruffled shirt. He was leaning on his cane, for he was lame, and he smiled and bowed like a true Frenchman.

"As he approached, the three old ladies rose and courtesied with the utmost dignity. Lafayette bowed first to the Governor's widow, and kissed her hand.

"That was droll; for on the back of her glove was stamped Lafayette's likeness, and the gallant old gentleman kissed his own face.

"He did not stay long, but we were very merry receiving his compliments and enjoying the honor he did us.

"Down in the street there was a crowd, of course, and when he left they wanted to take out the horses and drag



him home in triumph. But he did n't wish it; and while that affair was being arranged, we girls had been pelting him with the flowers which we tore from the vases, the walls, and our own topknots, to scatter over him.

"He liked that, and laughed, and waved his hand to us. We young folks quite lost our heads that night, and I have n't a very clear idea of how I got home. The last thing I remember was hanging out of the window with a flock of girls, watching the carriage roll away, while the crowd cheered as if they were mad.

"Bless my heart! it seems as if I heard 'em now. 'Hurrah for Lafayette and Mayor Quincy! Hurrah for Madam Hancock and the pretty girls! Hurrah for Colonel May! Three cheers for Boston! Now, then! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!'"

And here the old lady stopped, out of breath, with her cap askew, her spectacles on the end of her nose, and her knitting much the worse for the enthusiastic waving in the air while she had been shrilly cheering an imaginary Lafayette.

Adapted.

Läfayette': a French general in the American Revolution. — **Beacon Hill**: the hill in Boston on which the State House stands. The site of the old Hancock house is now occupied by the publishers of this book. — **spencer**: a kind of waist. — **queue**: a braid of hair. — **palmyrine'** (reen): a thin, soft material. — **bowed**: made into bows. — **nankeen'**: a yellow cotton material, first made at Nanking, China.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE AT THE CRATCHITS'

Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was one of the great English novelists. Dickens had an unhappy childhood, and was always quick to feel any injustice toward the weak and helpless. Some of his novels drew attention to the wrongs of the poor. Dickens's pictures of life are striking, but they are often overdrawn. Among his novels, "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "David Copperfield" are greatly liked by young people.

Note. — "The Christmas Carol," from which this selection is taken, is perhaps the best Christmas story ever written; certainly it is the best short story that Dickens wrote. The Cratchits were very poor in many ways, but they were rich in loving-kindness and contentment. Even poor Tiny Tim, Bob's little lame son, was far happier than old Scrooge of whom the story tells.

You might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did n't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had n't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows!

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at

which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry

cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

BABY SYLVESTER

BRET HARTE

FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born in Albany, N.Y., in 1839. In 1854 he went to California, and many of his tales and verses deal with the rough life of Western mining camps. After 1885 he made his home in England, where he died in 1902.

It was in a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept my friend. He had gone "prospecting," — so they told me, — and would not return until afternoon.

Did I see those large pines, and, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was Dick Sylvester's cabin.

I could stake my horse in the little hollow. I should find some books in the shanty. I could amuse myself with them; or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But the men had already gone. I called after their vanishing figures, —

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air, —

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

Tethering my horse to a young sapling, I turned toward the cabin.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read, but I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door.

The slumbrous droning of bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the serape over me, and in a few minutes was asleep.

I awoke once or twice, clutching the serape as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted. Letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch.

At this point I sat up, completely awake. What seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the serape after it.

There was no mistaking it now; it was a baby bear, — a helpless roll of fat and fur, but unmistakably a grizzly cub!

It slowly raised itself on its hind legs, and waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw, and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends.

His body was a silky, dark gray, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was long, thick, and soft as eider down.

His long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore the single word "Baby"! This, then, was the baby with whom I was to play.

How we played! Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again each time with perfect good humor.

He climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches, and refused to descend until it suited his pleasure. When

he did come down, he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass.

When Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out. The baby was rolled up at the foot of the couch, asleep.

Sylvester's first words after our greeting were, —

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick. "Knocked her over at fifty yards: clean shot; never moved afterwards. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me. He was n't more than three days old."

I made Sylvester solemnly promise that, in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me.

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. Its contents were as follows:

O Frank! — Don't you remember what we agreed upon anent the baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me, — East. I know you love the baby, but do you think, dear boy, — now, really, do you think you could be a father to it? Look at the question well, and let me know at once.

SYLVESTER.

I telegraphed an affirmative to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

"All right. Baby goes down on night boat. Be a father to him."

One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock, three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger.

With an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling I walked to the wagon and called "Baby!" Baby, the terrible, tumbled to the ground, and, rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me. Without a word the stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering Baby in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him rolled up in the corner of my room, and asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying; but he was gone. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his claws upon the sill of the window that I had forgotten to close.

The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. I dressed myself hurriedly and stepped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying on the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth.

As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. A little farther on was a ladder leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder and reached the flat roof. Behind the chimney was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass.

He was sitting on his hind legs eating a slab of peanut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. I hurried him back to the scuttle and descended on tiptoe to the floor beneath.

I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he forbore to breathe, or to chew the last mouthful he had taken. He skulked at my side with the sirup dropping from his motionless jaws.

He walked to the corner of his own accord and rolled himself up like an immense sugarplum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast. I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events.

It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttle; that, being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected. The glass show cases in the confectioner's shop on the corner had been smashed.

That night Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland. It was with a feeling of relief that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall. Henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property.

After he had tried to mount the hatrack and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

At the end of the week I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby.

The morning of the exhibition came; but about an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. I searched the premises, but I found no trace of Baby Sylvester.

I returned, after an hour's search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear veranda. The floor was covered with some glutinous substance. It was — sirup!

I ran to the barn. The keg of "golden sirup" purchased only the day before, lay empty on the floor.

There were sticky tracks all over the inclosure, but still no Baby.

"There 's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right. The earth was shaking in one corner of the inclosure like an earthquake. There, in the middle of an immense cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly but surely sinking from sight.

Whether he wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his sirup-besmeared coat, I shall never know; for that day, alas! was his last with me.

He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then wrapped in blankets, and locked up in the storeroom.

The next morning he was gone. The lower portion of the window sash and pane were gone too.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover.

Adapted.

pros'pecting: exploring to find out the mining value of a place. — **stake**: to fasten to a stake. — **rooks**: birds much like crows. — **serape** (sä-rä'pä): a blanket or shawl frequently worn by Spanish Americans. — **anent'**: concerning. — **affirm'ative**: answering "yes."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

MRS. HEMANS

NOTE. — On a stormy December night a band of Pilgrims, sent out from the "Mayflower" to find a suitable place for settlement, landed on a small island near the entrance to Plymouth harbor. As the next day was Sunday they "rested" there and held their usual religious service. On the following Monday they explored the surrounding region and returned to the ship with their report.

The shore in this vicinity is sandy, and not, as Mrs. Hemans imagined, "rock bound."

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
  Freedom to worship God!

BETTY AT THE MILL

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is a New England author whose admirable stories of country and village life have won high praise.

NOTE. — Betty Leicester is a young girl who is spending the summer at Tideshead. She finds many things to enjoy, though her pleasures, like this trip to the mill, are not exciting ones. In another book, called "Betty Leicester's Christmas," Miss Jewett tells the story of Betty's visit to England.

Betty had sat in the fence corner until now there was a noise of wheels in the distance.

"Seth! Seth Pond!" she called; "where are you going?"

"Going to mill," answered Seth, looking about him, much pleased. "Want to come? be pleased to have ye," and Betty was over the fence in a minute.

Seth was much gratified by Betty's company. They could not drive very fast because the wagon was well loaded with bags of corn.

Betty thought it was very pleasant in the old mill. While Seth and the miller were transacting their business, she went to one of the little windows on the side next the swift-rushing stream and looked out awhile, and watched some swallows and the clear water and the house on the other side where the miller lived.

Then she was shown how the corn was ground, and tasted the hot meal as it came sifting down from the little boxes on the band, and the miller even had the big wheel stopped in its dripping, dark closet where it seemed to labor hard to keep the mill going.

"Something works hard for us in our lives to make them all come right," she thought with wistful gratitude, and looked with new interest at the busy maze of wheels and hoppers and rude machinery that joggled on steadily from the touch of the hidden wheel and the plash of its live water.

She wandered out into the sunshine and down the river-side a little way. There was a clean, sandy bottom in one place with shoals of frisky minnows, and a small, green island only a little way out, and Betty was much tempted to take off her shoes and stockings and wade across.

Her toes curled themselves in their shoes with pleased anticipation, but she thought with a sigh that she was too tall to go wading now, — that is, near a public place like the mill.

Then she looked up at the mill and discovered that there were only one or two high and dusty windows at that end, and down she sat on the short green turf to pull off the shoes and stockings as fast as she could, lest second thoughts might again hinder this last wade.

She gathered her petticoats and over to the island she splashed, causing awful apprehension of disaster among the minnows.

The green island was a delightful place; the upper end was near the roaring dam, and the water plashed and dashed as it ran away on either side. There were two or three young elms and some alders on the island, and the alders were full of clematis just coming into bloom.

The lower end of this strip of island ground was much less noisy, and Betty went down to sit there after she had seen two or three turtles slide into the water, and more minnows slip away into deeper pools out of sight.

There was a pleasant, damp smell of cool water, and a ripple of light went dancing up the high stone foundation of the old mill. Betty could still hear the great wet wheel lumbering round.

She thought she had never found a more delightful place, so much business was going on all about her, and yet it was so quiet there; and as she looked under a young alder what should she see but a wild duck on its nest. Even if the shy thing had fluttered off at her approach, it had gone back again, and now watched her steadily, as if to be ready to fly, yet not really frightened.

It was a dear kind of relationship to be in this wild little place with another living creature, and Betty settled

herself on the soft turf, against the straight young elm trunk, determined not to give another glance in the duck's direction. It would be great fun to come and see it go away with its ducklings when they were hatched, if one only knew the proper minute.

She wished that she could paint a picture of the mill and the river, or could write a song about it, even if she could not sing it; so many girls had such gifts and did not care half so much for them as Betty would.

Dear Betty! she did not know what a rare gift she had in being able to enjoy so many things, and to understand the pictures and songs of every day.

Then it was time to wade back to shore, and so she rose and left the duck to her peaceful seclusion, not knowing how often she would think of this pretty place in years to come. The best thing about such pleasures is that they seem more and more delightful as years go on.

Seth was just coming to tell Betty that the meal was all ground and ready, when she appeared discreetly from behind the willows that grew at the mill end, and so they drove home without anything exciting to mark the way.

Abridged.

hot meal: why was it hot? — **disaster**: misfortune; literally, the evil influence of a star. Men used to believe that human lives were controlled by the stars.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

Sam Walter Foss

Sam Walter Foss is an American poet.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish than swim the seas.

A rodless Walton of the brooks,
  A bloodless sportsman, I —
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
  The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
  The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
  The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
  And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
  Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
  Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
  For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
  That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
  For the angler who has no rod.

take no gun: see Emerson's "Forbearance," page 112. — **bob**: to fish with a bob or float. — **Walton**: Izaak Walton was a famous fisherman who wrote a book called "The Complete Angler."

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home, in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "The Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley novels, from the name of the first one of the series. Scott's poems are almost perfect in their style and finish. He died in 1832.

NOTE. — The Goodman of Ballengiech is taken from "Tales of a Grandfather," which Scott wrote for his grandson. These are true stories of the brave old days in Scotland.

James the Fifth, King of Scotland, had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps that he might enjoy amusements of which he could not have partaken in his avowed royal character.

When James traveled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling.

Upon one occasion King James, being alone and in

disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way toward Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the king of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified, and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer.

He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and at least give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the Goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King, to which John replied nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know His Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered, — the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when His Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the Bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead appeared at a solemn festival and offered His Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

Abridged.

Ballengiech (bal'en-geek). — **James the Fifth**: the father of Mary Queen of Scots. He appears also in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." — **Stirling Castle**: a favorite residence of the king's. — **Braehead**: *brae* is a Scotch word meaning "hillside." — **pos'tern gate**: small back gate. — **you or me**: properly, you or I. — **ew'er**: a pitcher. — **Ho'lyrood**: the royal palace in Edinburgh.

CONCORD

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE. — Concord Hymn was sung April 19, 1836, at the completion of the monument raised to mark the place of the Concord fight.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

the flood: the Concord River. — **the shot heard round the world**: the battles at Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775, were the beginning of the Revolution. — **a vo'tive stone**: a stone dedicated to the memory of some person or event; a monument.

A NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

I was nearly sixteen years old when I made my first trip down the Mississippi River. Father had a good crop of early spring vegetables, and my elder brother James and I were eager to carry them to market. Father owned a large raft, which he and James had made with their own hands, and we were sure that we could take care of ourselves and the produce too.

So at last father gave his consent. He built a cabin near one end of the raft, where we could stay when it rained or when the sun was too hot. The floor of the cabin was six or seven inches above the deck of the raft, and here we could keep our clothes and blankets and the food for our journey. At one side of the cabin we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep, with a frame around it to hold it in place. Then with some bricks and clay we built a small fireplace. Here we could have a fire if the weather were wet or chilly.

James made some extra steering oars, for it was easy to break one if the raft went over a snag; and we rigged up a forked stick, on which we hung our lantern. We had to carry a light, of course, or the steamboats on the river would have run us down.

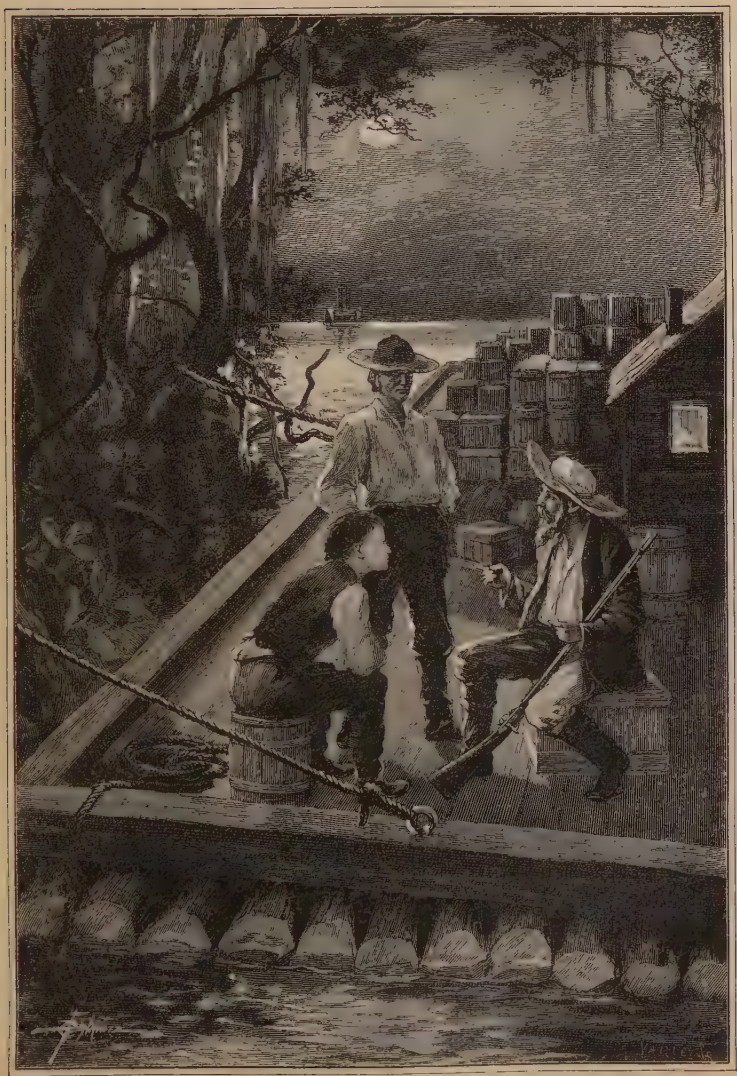
The river was still high after the June rise, and the lowest banks were a little under water.

"There won't be much danger from the upstream boats," said father, when he came down to see us off. "They 'll make for the smooth water alongshore. But keep your eyes and your ears open for the boats that are going your way. Good-by, boys, and good luck!"

I stood up and waved to him as long as I could see him, but a curve in the river soon hid him from sight. The current was running more than four miles an hour, and I was astonished to see how the familiar shores slipped away from us. In a big bend on the Illinois side there was an island where we had often gone for picnics and good times. The sand bar at its head was quite under water, and the tree trunks stood up out of the river, straight and black, as if they, too, were floating downstream on a voyage of discovery.

I am sure that Columbus sailing out into the trackless sea was not more convinced of the greatness of his task than was I, as I took my turn at the steering oar to let James eat his dinner. The unwieldy raft yielded itself to my guidance, and for the mere fun of it I kept its course a winding one for the next half hour.

The river was full of driftwood coming down, and all sorts of queer things might be seen. A straw bed with



an old tin coffee pot upon it came floating along beside us. Once a hungry rabbit ran across a broken tree trunk to the raft, and I gave him a handful of lettuce as I would have fed a pet lamb. As soon as he had eaten it all his shyness came back to him, and he raced off again to the farther end of his log, where he sat and watched us for a long time.

As the shadows grew longer I began to feel drowsy. The soft air fanned me gently and the lap of the water against the timbers of the raft was very soothing. Before I knew it I was fast asleep. When I woke I had, at first, no idea where I was. The moon was shining and the river looked as if it were miles wide. We were near the Illinois shore, in the quiet water under the bank, and across the gleaming sheet of silver I could see the high bluffs on the Missouri side.

I heard a sound of voices and saw that James was talking to a man in hunting costume, who had come aboard to share our supper and to tell us the news. The raft was made fast to a tow-head, — a sand bar covered with cottonwood trees, — and the stranger's skiff lay alongside. On the black hillsides behind us I could see a few gleaming lights, but there was stillness everywhere, except for an occasional "kerchug" from some wakeful bullfrog. We seemed to have the whole river to ourselves.

The hunter was telling stories of his life in the wilderness, then not very far away from us, and I listened with infinite wonder and delight. Occasionally we saw a steamboat going up or down the river. Now and then she would send up a shower of sparks, which rained down into the river again and made the moonlight look pale. Then a bend of the stream would shut out her lights, and after a long time her waves would reach us, rocking the raft up and down in the most delightful fashion.

I was no longer sleepy, and the charm of a new experience kept me awake for the greater part of the night. The people on shore went to bed, the lights winked out, our new friend and James were presently sound asleep; but I lay and watched for the coming of the early dawn.

First, looking away over the water, I could see a dull, dark line: that was the wooded shore of the other side. The birds twittered softly in the trees close at hand. Then there came a faint, pale light in the sky; then the river softened from black to gray, and far out I could see small, dusky spots drifting along.

Sometimes there was a long, black line, and I knew it to be a raft like ours, only much larger and heavier. Once and again I heard voices and a sweep creaking. Then a streak on the water showed where a snag lay hidden beneath, ready to catch and snap some luckless

oar. By and by the mist drew itself up from the river in fleecy twists and swirls, the east began to redden, a breeze sprang up, and lines of smoke rose from the hillside behind us. At last the full day broke and everything smiled in the sunshine.

Far off a raft glided by. A man on it was chopping wood. I lay on a pile of blankets, my head pillowed on my arm, watching the ax flash and come down. An instant later it would be lifted for another stroke — still no sound — and then, as the ax was poised above the man's head, the ring of the first stroke would reach my listening ears. As I watched, my eyelids grew heavier and heavier.

"Come, come, lad!" said James, shaking me good-humoredly. "The bacon is ready to eat, and it's time we were moving. We shall never get there if you are going to sleep all day."

I sat up with a start and rubbed my eyes. The hunter's skiff was gone, the sun was high in the heavens, and the fried bacon sent forth a savory invitation to breakfast. My first night on the Mississippi was over.

Selected.

snag: a tree or branch growing or fastened below the surface of a river. — **cottonwood**: a tree of the poplar family. — **sweep**: an oar used to steer and propel a small boat or raft.

HONEST WORK

Men said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon *this one chain*. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it*, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

Selected.

THORWALDSEN

T. B. Aldrich

Note. — Thorwaldsen (tor'väl-zen) was a great Danish sculptor. The Lion is carved in the face of a cliff at Lucerne, Switzerland, in memory of the brave Swiss guards who gave up their lives in defending the French king, Louis XVI, August 10, 1792.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied:
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

SUPPER AT THE MILL

JEAN INGELOW

Mother. Well, Frances.

Frances. Well, good mother, how are you?

M. I'm hearty, lass, but warm; the weather's warm;
I think 't is mostly warm on market days.
I met with George behind the mill; said he,
"Mother, go in and rest awhile."

F. Aye, do,
And stay to supper; put your basket down.

M. Why, now, it is not heavy.

F. Willie, man,
Get up and kiss your grandma. Heavy, no!
Some call good churning luck; but, luck or skill,
Your butter mostly comes as firm and sweet
As if 't was Christmas. So you sold it all?

M. All but this pat that I put by for George;
He always liked my butter.

F. That he did.

M. And has your speckled hen brought off her brood?

F. Not yet, but that old duck I told you of,
She hatched eleven out of twelve to-day.

Child. And, grandma, they 're so yellow.

M. Aye, my lad,
Yellow as gold — yellow as Willie's hair.

C. They 're all mine, grandma — father says they 're mine.

M. To think of that!

F. Yes, grandma, only think!
Why, father means to sell them when they 're fat,
And put the money in the savings bank,
And all against our Willie goes to school:
But Willie would not touch them — no, not he;
He knows that father would be angry else.

C. But I want one to play with — Oh, I want
A little yellow duck to take to bed!

M. What! would you rob the poor old mother, then?

F. Now, grandma, if you 'll hold the babe awhile;
'T is time I took up Willie to his crib. [*Exit* FRANCES.]

[*Enter* GEORGE.]

George. Well, mother, 't is a fortnight now, or more,
Since I set eyes on you.

M. Aye, George, my dear,
I reckon you 've been busy: so have we.

G. And how does father?

M. He gets through his work,
But he grows stiff, a little stiff, my dear;
He 's not so young, you know, by twenty years,

As I am — not so young by twenty years,
And I 'm past sixty.

G. Yet he 's hale and stout,
And seems to take a pleasure in his pipe;
And seems to take a pleasure in his cows,
And a pride, too.

M. And well he may, my dear.

G. Give me the little one, he tires your arm;
He 's such a kicking, crowing, wakeful rogue,
He almost wears our lives out with his noise
Just at day-dawning, when we wish to sleep.
What! you young villain, would you clench your fist
In father's curls? a dusty father, sure,
And you 're as clean as wax.
Aye, you may laugh;
But if you live a seven years more or so,
These hands of yours will all be brown and scratched
With climbing after nest-eggs. They 'll go down
As many rat-holes as are round the mere;
And you 'll love mud, all manner of mud and dirt,
As your father did afore you, and you 'll wade
After young water-birds; and you 'll get bogged
Setting of eel-traps, and you 'll spoil your clothes,
And come home torn and dripping: then, you know,
You 'll feel the stick — you 'll feel the stick, my lad!

[*Enter* FRANCES.]

F. You should not talk so to the blessed babe —
How can you, George? Why, he may be in heaven
Before the time you tell of.

M. Look at him:
So earnest, such an eager pair of eyes!
He thrives, my dear.

F. Yes, that he does, thank God!
My children are all strong.

M. 'T is much to say;
Sick children fret their mothers' hearts to shreds,
And do no credit to their keep nor care.
Where is your little lass?

F. Your daughter came
And begged her of us for a week or so. . . .

G. But Hannah must not keep our Fanny long —
She spoils her.

M. Ah! folks spoil their children now;
When I was a young woman 't was not so;
We made our children fear us, made them work,
Kept them in order.

G. Were not proud of them —
Eh, mother?

M. I set store by mine, 't is true.
But then I had good cause.

G. My lad, d'ye hear?
Your grandma was not proud, by no means proud!
She never spoilt your father — no, not she,
Nor ever made him sing at harvest-home,
Nor at the forge, nor at the baker's shop,
Nor to the doctor while she lay abed
Sick, and he crept upstairs to share her broth.
M. Well, well, you were my youngest, and, what's more,
Your father loved to hear you sing — he did,
Although, good man, he could not tell one tune
From the other.
F. No, George got his voice from you:
Do use it, George, and send the child to sleep.
G. What must I sing?
F. The ballad of the man
That is so shy he cannot speak his mind.
G. Aye, of the purple grapes and crimson leaves;
But, mother, put your shawl and bonnet off.
And, Frances, lass, I brought some cresses in:
Just wash them, toast the bacon, break some eggs,
And let's to supper shortly.

[*Sings.*]

G. Why, you young rascal! who would think it, now?
No sooner do I stop than you look up.

What would you have your poor old father do?
'T was a brave song, long-winded, and not loud.

M. He heard the bacon sputter on the fork,
And heard his mother's step across the floor.

F. My dear, just lay his head upon your arm,
And if you 'll pace and sing two minutes more,
He needs must sleep — his eyes are full of sleep.

G. Do you sing, mother.

F. Aye, good mother, do;
'T is long since we have heard you.

M. Like enough;
I 'm an old woman, and the girls and lads
I used to sing to sleep o'ertop me now.
What should I sing for?

G. Why, to pleasure us.
Sing in the chimney corner, where you sit,
And I 'll pace gently with the little one.

[Mother *sings.*]

F. Asleep at last, and time he was, indeed,
Turn back the cradle quilt and lay him in;
And, mother, will you please to draw your chair? —
The supper 's ready.

Jean Ingelow (jēn in'je-lō). — **mere**: lake or pond. — **bogged**: caught in a bog or swamp. — **to set store by**: to value. — **Do you sing, mother**: is this a question? — **o'ertop me**: are taller than I am. — **to pleasure**: to please.

A STRANGE VISITANT

AGNES GIBERNE

AGNES GIBERNE is an English writer on scientific subjects.

"River, river, I wonder where you come from," murmured Eric.

He was lying alone, one sunny spring day, on a mossy bank beside the stream — a wide, clear stream, reflecting the blue of heaven, and flowing past with steady, ceaseless motion. He had his book open in his hand, but there seemed no possibility of reading in such a scene.

The river, beside which he spent many hours, was to him not merely a stream of water, but a living, moving companion, with powers of feeling and sympathy.

"I wonder how long you have gone pouring and pouring on in this fashion," said the boy. "I wonder what made you first begin to pour. I wonder what changes you have seen on your banks.

"Would n't it be jolly if a 'spirit of the flood' would come and talk to me! If I had been the chief on Tiber's banks, when the 'father of the Roman flood' appeared to him, would n't I have asked him a lot of questions about the river's history!"

The birds twittered, carrying on little musical talks together about the affairs of bird land; the river kept up its perpetual ripple-ripple; and the bees hummed to and fro with their endless monotones about nothing. Altogether the chorus of soft sounds was very soothing.

Eric had not the least intention of going to sleep. But presently the book which he held slipped from his fingers, and lay on the grass unnoticed. Then the murmur of the river seemed to grow louder, louder, till it was full in tone, like a church organ. And there came a sound of words into the murmur, as if the river were trying to speak.

Soon Eric saw something rising out of the river — something dim and shadowy, hardly more substantial than a mountain mist. At first it was like wreaths of river fog twined loosely together. But the wreaths shrank closer, and the hazy outlines grew into a definite form.

On the border of the stream stood an old man, dressed in a flowing robe of deep sky-blue. He had a high wrinkled forehead — wrinkled exactly like the surface of a river on a breezy day — and he wore a venerable beard, white as foam, reaching to his waist.

Now and then a shower of spray was flung over him by the river waves, and where a drop touched his robe, there it hung glittering.

"Are you the 'father of the flood'?" asked Eric.

No immediate answer came to the question. After a while the old man began to speak in slow, solemn tones, with a soft musical ripple running through them.

"Long, long ago, my story began. How long I cannot say. A river has no sundials, no almanacs, no timepieces. Our records are printed in the rocks and sands of earth; and our busy streams are ever at work, washing out and rewriting those records.

"The mighty sun rises and sets; and seasons come and go; and centuries roll by. But to a river spirit centuries are days, and the life of a man is as an insect's breath.

"Long ages ago there were no rivers in this land. The whole country lay below ocean waters.

"Then changes came, and the land rose above the surface of the sea. That which had been the ocean floor became dry ground. The higher mountain peaks showed

first; then the hilltops and the raised table-lands; lastly the lower levels.

"As these mighty changes came about, — land being seen where formerly ocean tides had ebbed and flowed, — then it was that rivers came into existence. For there cannot be dry land without streams of water flowing downward to the ocean.

"The life of a river begins with a little mountain spring or a tiny streamlet. It is fed by clouds above, by springs below, by brooks and rivulets on either side. At every step it gathers force and width and depth.

"The final goal of every river is the vast ocean, even as the final goal of every human being is the great and limitless Eternity."

"Please, please go on," entreated Eric, as the old man paused.

"Time was when no human beings frolicked near my banks," mused the old man. "There were none in all the wide world.

"The river bed then lay at a higher level. The waters have carved a way for themselves, — here through soft earth, there through hard stone.

"You gaze at yonder rocky gorge, and wonder at its beauty. How often do you pause to think of those past ages, when no such gorge existed?

"Drop by drop the waters have done their work, cutting a narrow channel as with a knife. And still the work goes on. Each year the gorge is deepened.

"Long, long ago there grew dense forests round about the stream, shutting off all sunlight from its waters. Wild beasts, such as no human beings have seen, roamed under the solemn shade; and mighty crocodiles crept to and fro beneath the river banks. No man or woman or child came then, with restless steps and impatient voice, to disturb our grand solitude."

The old man sighed heavily, and some of the diamond drops rolled sadly downward, losing their sparkle.

"We had our ice age, too — when all watery streams were bound fast as with iron chains; and vast rivers of ice lay over the land. A strange time that — but grand, nevertheless.

"No greater change ever came than in the appearance of man on the river brink.

"When I first saw a slim and puny creature beside the stream, half-clothed in skins, he seemed but another of the wild forest prowlers. I little thought that he was the chief of a wandering tribe of men, who should subdue the country round.

"Yet so it was; and soon there grew villages of huts upon my banks, and boats floated on my waters. The

beasts of the forest fled; and the repose of undisturbed ages was at an end."

"Tell me more about the river!" entreated Eric, as the deep voice sank. "I would rather hear about the river than about men. Where does all the water come from?"

The old man waved his hand with a gesture of impatience.

"This is a watery world," he said. "Water above and water below, — in the air and underground, — in the seas and rivers, — in lakes and streams, — in clouds and mists; water as vapor, — water as rain, — water as ice and snow! Yes, a watery, watery world!"

He was growing hazy and indefinite once more. The azure hue of his robe faded into a pale gray; the long, white beard vanished, and a little heap of foam floated down the stream.

A cloud of mist, hovering on the brink where the old man had stood, gently distilled into a small shower of raindrops, weeping itself away.

One of these drops, carried by the breeze, fell upon Eric's brow like a soft kiss from the river spirit. Adapted.

the chief on Tiber's banks: see the "Æne'id," Book VIII, line 31. The weary Æne'as, resting on the bank of the river, saw the river god rising from its waters. — **sundial**: an ancient contrivance to tell the time of day. A straight rod, fastened to a plate, cast a shadow by which the hour might be known.

BABY–BIRD

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–) is an English poet. His verse is noted for its musical sweetness.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
Ne'er a song on earth
May be heard, may be heard,
Rich as yours in mirth.

All your flickering fingers,
All your twinkling toes,
Play like light that lingers
Till the clear song close.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
  Your grave, majestic eyes
Like a bird's warbled words
  Speak, and sorrow dies.

Sorrow dies for love's sake,
  Love grows one with mirth,
Even for one white dove's sake,
  Born a babe on earth.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
  Chirping loud and long,
Other birds hush their words,
  Hearkening toward your song.

Sweet as spring though it ring,
  Full of love's own lures,
Weak and wrong sounds their song,
  Singing after yours.

Baby-bird, baby-bird,
  The happy heart that hears
Seems to win back within
  Heaven, and cast out fears.

BROUGHT TO TRIAL[1]

J. G. Holland

Josiah Gilbert Holland, whose pen name was Timothy Titcomb, was an American writer of some note. He wrote poems and novels, and several volumes of advice to young people. He was born in 1819, and died in 1881. Arthur Bonnicastle of this story is the hero of the novel bearing the same name.

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, as I was walking through one of the halls alone, I was met by two boys who ordered me to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with these words:

"Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your faults, sins, and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

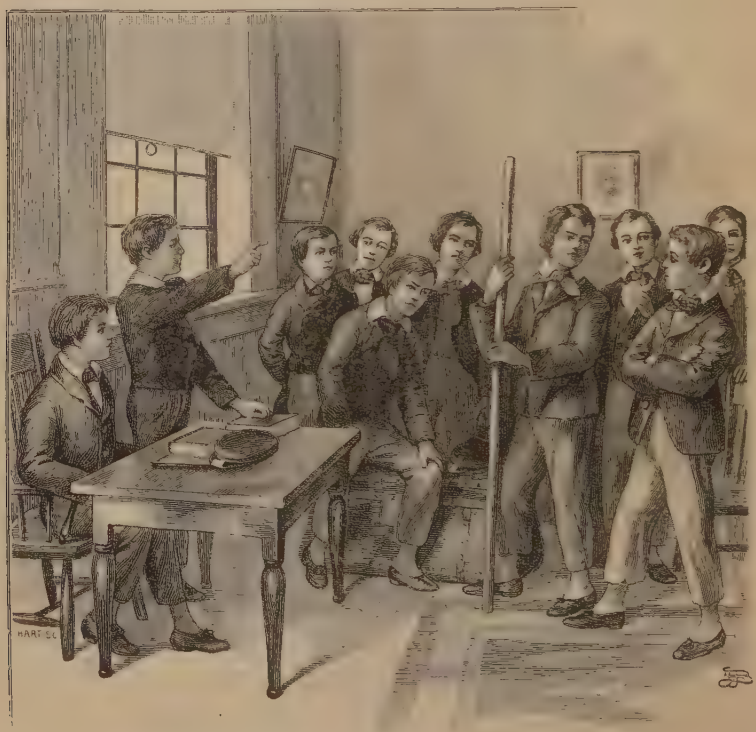
The movement had so much of the air of mystery that I was about equally pleased and scared. I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent. I looked from one to another, puzzled beyond expression.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my

[1] From "Arthur Bonnicastle." Copyright, 1873, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer in a tone of severity.



I was marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before the High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and walking by me took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the society whether you know him."

"I know him well," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and the circumstance."

"No, Your Honor; he has never deceived me. I always know whether he is speaking the truth or not."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry; "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry; "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent the tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your horse really run down the fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail, and did you send

home the tail to your sister to be worn in her hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, gruff voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied; and looking for some justification of my story, I added, "but I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I suppose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did the horse really chase the calf, and catch him by the ear, and toss him over the fence, and break his leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he did really chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you or did you not tell me," Henry went on, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and a female monkey, a male and a female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It does n't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did your friend who is to go to sea really promise to bring you monkeys, birds of paradise, pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"No," I replied; "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he 'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! oh! oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he 'll bring him anything he asks him to!"

"Hulm, proceed with your inquiries," said the officer.

Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying that distressed them quite as much as my foolish habit had done.

At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of

the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story.

"I am glad if he has learned," said the master, "even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have found a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his room and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled, and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

Adapted.

HEROISM

C. C. Everett

Dr. Charles Carroll Everett (1834–1902) was a New England minister, famous for the clearness of his thought. He was for many years at the head of the Harvard Divinity School.

Note. — This selection is taken from a little book entitled "Ethics for Young People."

Persons who are brave in a good cause are called heroes. I suppose there has never been a country or a time which had not its heroes.

It would be a great mistake to think that the names of all the heroes are written in history. There have been many heroic lives which have been humble and unknown, but which deserve the admiration of the world just as much as those that have been more famous. They perhaps sometimes deserve our honor more, because those who lived them knew that they should never receive honor from men. After a battle men celebrate the deeds of the leaders in the fight; but there has been just as much bravery among the privates whose names are never heard out of their own little circle, and the fortune of the day depended as much upon their courage as upon the ability of the general in command.

There is one danger in reading stories of heroic lives. They may make us feel as if we were heroes, when perhaps there is little that is heroic in our lives. We think what we would do if some great occasion offered, and it does not occur to us that we are cowards in the little occasions that meet us any day. A boy, for instance, walks along the street, thinking of the knights, the stories of whose exploits he has been reading. He wishes that he could have lived in these old times, and thinks what a brave knight he would have been, how he would have protected oppressed ladies, and would have fought the cruel and false knights in the face of any odds. As he thinks about all this, he sees a boy tip over the table of a poor apple woman by the sidewalk, and then run away and jeer at her from a little distance. Now the boy that was dreaming pities the poor woman, and would like to stop and help her pick up her apples; but he does not, for he is afraid that he shall be laughed at. He feels very angry with the boy that played the cruel trick, and would like to punish him; but he is afraid that the other might prove to be the stronger. So he passes on, and gives no sign of the pity or the anger that he feels. I hope, however, that he does not imagine himself any longer to be a brave knight of the olden time, for he has shown that he is nothing but a sneak and a coward.

THE CASTING AWAY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Daniel Defoe

Daniel Defoe (1661–1731) was an English author. His great book, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," is one of the best known in the English language.

Note. — In 1704 a Scotch sailor named Alexander Selkirk quarreled with his captain and was left on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez with only his gun, ax, and a few other necessaries. He lived on this island four years before he was taken off by Captain Rogers. Selkirk's adventures probably suggested to Defoe the famous story of "Robinson Crusoe." The following extracts show Defoe's power in giving an air of truth to his fiction.

I. THE SHIPWRECK

Our case was now very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar toward the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution.

What the shore was — whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal — we knew not; the only hope was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in. But nothing of this appeared; and as we made nearer the shore the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us. In a word, it took us with such fury that it overset the boat at once.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw my breath.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with mighty force and swiftness toward the shore, a very great way. I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments, to recover breath, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had to the shore.

II. THE WRECK

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before, but that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and was driven up within about a mile from the shore where I was.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me; so I pulled off my clothes and took the water; but when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got into the ship.

You may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free; and, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away.

When this was done, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it

was not able to bear any great weight. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I got three of the seamen's chests, and lowered them down upon it. These I filled with provisions. The carpenter's chest was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powderhorns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but I knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good. These two I got to my raft with the arms. And now, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, with this cargo I put to sea.

III. CRUSOE'S HABITATION

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement because there was no fresh water near it, so I resolved to find a more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation; first, air and fresh water; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance.

In search for a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was as steep as a house side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside leaning against them, about two feet and a half high; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world.

IV. THE FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND

It happened one day, about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore

and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree; looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

league: the marine league of England and the United States is equal to three geographical miles, or about three and a half statute miles. — **fowling pieces**: light guns, adapted for the use of small shot. — **whimsies**: fancies. — **cover**: the woods or underbrush in which hunted animals seek shelter.

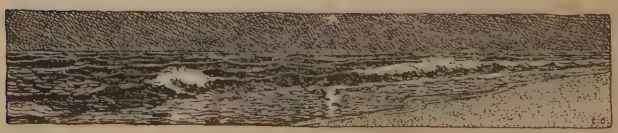
THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.



DUTY

Robert E. Lee

General Robert E. Lee (1807–1870) was an eminent educator and a general of the Confederate army.

Note. — This selection is taken from a letter written by General Lee to his son, G. W. Custis Lee.

You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, — still known as "the dark day," — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

the dark day: it occurred on May 1, 1780. So great was the darkness that birds and fowls went to roost and cattle sought their homes. The phenomenon caused much terror. See Whittier's poem "Abraham Davenport."

THE ROSE-COLORED TULIPS

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

MRS. JULIANA HORATIA ORR EWING (1842–1885) was an English story-writer whose work takes high rank. "The Story of a Short Life" and "Jackanapes" are among her best-known books.

NOTE. — "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire" is the story of a gypsy baby who was adopted by two little old ladies who lived in a village in Scotland. He was named John Broom, because it sounded "plain and respectable." Thomasina, the maid, had her hands full in taking care of him.

Thomasina soon found that her charge was safest, as he was happiest, out of doors. A very successful device was to shut him up in the drying ground and tell him to "pick the pretty flowers." John Broom preferred flowers even to china cups with gilding on them. He gathered nosegays of daisies and buttercups, and the winning way in which he would present these to the little ladies atoned, in their benevolent eyes, for many a smashed teacup.

But the tramp baby's restless spirit was soon weary of the drying ground, and he set forth one morning in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." He had seated himself on the threshold to take off his shoes when he heard the sound of Thomasina's footsteps, and, hastily staggering to his feet, toddled forth without further delay. The sky was blue above him, the sun was shining, and the air

was very sweet. He ran for a bit and then tumbled, and picked himself up again, and got a fresh impetus, and so on till he reached the door of the kitchen garden, which was open. It was an old-fashioned kitchen garden with flowers in the borders. There were single rose-colored tulips which had been in the garden as long as Miss Betty could remember, and they had been so increased by dividing the clumps that they now stretched in two rich lines of color down both sides of the long walk. And John Broom saw them.

"Pick the pretty f'owers, love," said he, in imitation of Thomasina's patronizing tone, and forthwith beginning at the end, he went steadily to the top of the right-hand border, mowing the rose-colored tulips as he went.

Meanwhile, when Thomasina came to look for him he could not be found, and when all the back premises and the drying ground had been searched in vain, she gave the alarm to the little ladies.

Miss Kitty's vivid imagination leaped at once to the conclusion that the child's vagabond relations had fetched him away, and she became rigid with alarm. But Miss Betty rushed out into the shrubbery, and Miss Kitty took a whiff of her vinaigrette and followed her.

When they came at last to the kitchen garden, Miss Betty's grief did not prevent her observing that there was

something odd about the borders, and when she got to the top and found that all the tulips had been picked from one side, she sank down on the roller which happened to be lying beside her.

And John Broom staggered up to her, and crying, "For

'oo, Miss Betty," fell headlong with a sheaf of rose-colored tulips into her lap.

As he did not offer any to Miss Kitty, her better judgment was not warped, and she said, "You must slap him, sister Betty."

"Put out your hand, John Broom," said Miss Betty, much agitated.

And John Broom, who was quite composed, put out both his little grubby paws so trustfully that Miss Betty had not the heart to strike him. But she scolded him, "Naughty boy!" and she pointed to the tulips and shook her head. John Broom looked thoughtfully at them and shook his.

"Naughty boy!" repeated Miss Betty, and she added in very impressive tones, "John Broom's a very naughty boy!"

After which she took him to Thomasina, and Miss Kitty collected the rose-colored tulips and put them into water in the best old china punch bowl.

In the course of the afternoon she peeped into the kitchen, where John Broom sat on the floor, under the window, gazing thoughtfully up into the sky.

"As good as gold, bless his little heart!" murmured Miss Kitty. For as his feet were tucked under him, she did not know that he had just put his shoes and stockings into the pig tub, into which he all but fell himself from the exertion. He did not hear Miss Kitty and thought on. He wanted to be out again, and he had a tantalizing remembrance of the ease with which the tender, juicy stalks of the tulips went snap, snap, in that new place of amusement he had discovered. Thomasina looked into the kitchen and went away again. When she had gone John Broom went away also.

He went both faster and steadier on his bare feet. And when he got into the kitchen garden it recalled Miss Betty to his mind. And he shook his head and said, "Naughty boy!" And then he went up the left-hand border, mowing the tulips as he went; after which he trotted home, and met Thomasina at the back door. And he hugged the sheaf of rose-colored tulips in his arms and said, "John Broom's a very naughty boy!"

From "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire."

drying ground: yard for drying clothes. — **"fresh woods and pastures new"**: see Milton's "Lycidas," l. 193. — **roller**: a heavy iron or stone roller for turf and gravel walks.

CLOVER[1]

J. B. Tabb

John Bannister Tabb (1845–), or Father Tabb, as he is generally known, is an American poet. He is a Virginian by birth, and at present occupies a chair of English literature in a Maryland college.

Little masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

[1] From "Lyrics" by John B. Tabb. By permission of Small, Maynard & Company, publishers.

Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye, — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed, —
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

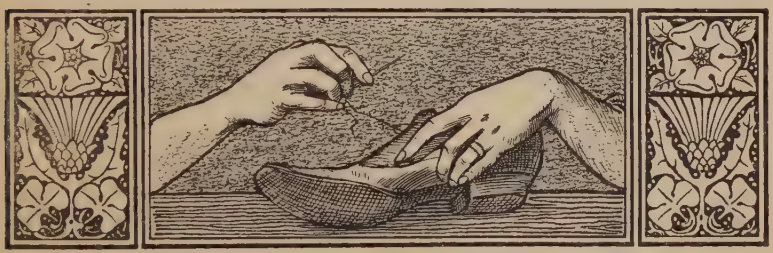
Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

gossips: godfathers or godmothers. — **suited**: becoming. — **Genie**: a fabulous being who, according to the Arabian story, could compress himself into a bottle or expand to gigantic size. See "The Fisherman and the Genie" in the "Arabian Nights."

THE DARNING NEEDLE

Hans Christian Andersen

Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer of stories for children, was born in 1805 and died in 1875. His childhood was full of hardships, for his mother was very poor, and he was a timid, awkward child, who had few friends. Even when he grew older he was laughed at, but at last he made the world listen to his charming stories. His tale of "The Ugly Duckling" is the story of his own boyhood, of the pain of being ridiculed, and the glad surprise that was his when he found himself praised and admired.



There was once upon a time a Darning Needle who thought herself so very fine that she fancied she was a Sewing Needle.

"Take care and hold me tight!" she said to the Fingers that took her out. "Don't let me fall! If I drop on the ground I shall certainly never be found again, for I am so fine!"

"That is as it may be," said the Fingers; and they held her fast.

"See, I'm coming with a train!" said the Darning Needle, and she drew a long thread after her, but there was no knot in the thread.

The Fingers pointed the needle at the cook's slipper, in which the upper leather had burst and was to be sewn together.

"This is vulgar work," said the Darning Needle. "I shall never get through. I'm breaking! I'm breaking!" And she really broke. "Did I not say so?" said the Darning Needle. "I'm too fine!"

"Now it's quite useless," said the Fingers; but they were obliged to hold her fast, all the same; for the cook dropped some sealing wax upon the needle, and pinned her kerchief together with it in front.

"So, now I'm a breastpin!" said the Darning Needle. "I knew very well that I should come to honor. When one is something, one comes to something!"

And the Darning Needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell out of the kerchief into the sink, which the cook was rinsing out.

"Now we're going on a journey," said the Darning Needle. "If only I don't get lost!" But she really was lost.

"I'm too fine for this world," she observed, as she lay in the gutter. "But I know who I am, and there's always something in that!"

So the Darning Needle kept her proud behavior, and did not lose her good humor. And things of many kinds swam over her, chips and straws and pieces of old newspapers.

"Only see how they sail!" said the Darning Needle. "They don't know what is under them! I'm here, I remain firmly here. See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but of himself—of a chip! There's a straw going by now. How he turns and twists! how he twirls about! Don't think only of yourself, you might easily run up against a stone. There swims a bit of newspaper. What's written upon it has long been forgotten, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit here quietly and patiently. I know who I am, and I shall remain what I am."

One day something lay close beside her that glittered splendidly. The Darning Needle believed that it was a diamond; but it was a bit of broken bottle. Because it shone, the Darning Needle spoke to it, introducing herself as a breastpin.

"I suppose you are a diamond?"

"Why, yes, something of that kind."

And then each believed the other to be a very valuable thing; and they began speaking about the world, and how very conceited it was.

"I have been in a lady's box," said the Darning Needle, "and this lady was a cook. She had five fingers on each hand, and I never saw anything so conceited as those five fingers. And yet they were only there that they might take me out of the box and put me back into it."

"Were they of good birth?" asked the Bit of Bottle.

"No, indeed," replied the Darning Needle, "but very haughty. There was nothing but bragging among them."

"And now we sit here and glitter!" said the Bit of Bottle.

At that moment more water came into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the Bit of Bottle was carried away.

"So he is disposed of," observed the Darning Needle. "I remain here; I am too fine. But that's my pride." And proudly she sat there, and had many great thoughts. "I could almost believe I had been born of a sunbeam, I'm so fine! It really appears as if the sunbeams were always seeking for me under the water. Ah! I'm so fine that my mother cannot find me. If I had my old eye, which was broken off, I think I should cry; but no, I should not do that; it's not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys lay grubbing in the gutter, where they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and similar treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great delight in it.

"O!" cried one, who had pricked himself with the Darning Needle, "there's a fellow for you!"

"I'm not a fellow; I'm a young lady!" said the Darning Needle.

But nobody listened to her. The sealing wax had come off, and she had turned black; but black makes one look slender, and she thought herself finer even than before.

"Here comes an eggshell sailing along!" said the boys; and they stuck the Darning Needle fast in the eggshell.

"White walls, and black myself! that looks well," remarked the Darning Needle. "Now one can see me. I only hope I shall not be seasick!" But she was not seasick at all. "It is good if one has a steel stomach and does not forget that one is a little more than an ordinary person. The finer one is, the more one can bear."

"Crack!" went the eggshell, for a wagon went over it.

"Dear me, how it crushes one!" said the Darning Needle. "I'm getting seasick now, — I'm quite sick; I am going to break!"

But she did not break, though the wagon went over her; she lay there at full length, and there she may lie.

Abridged.

farthings: a farthing is half a cent.

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

scar: a protruding rock. — **Elfland**: fairyland.

THE MAKING OF THE BOAT

(From "The Swiss Family Robinson")

JOHANN D. WYSS

JOHANN DAVID WYSS, who was the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson," lived in Switzerland more than a hundred years ago. He told the story to amuse his children, and one of them in later years gave the book to the public. It was first printed in German in 1813, then it was translated into French, and has appeared in many English versions.

NOTE. — The book relates the adventures of a family who were cast away off the coast of New Guinea, and is almost as popular as "Robinson Crusoe," though it has not the same literary merit. This selection tells how the family managed to leave the wrecked ship. Little Jack has just suggested that his two dogs may be useful on shore.

"Yes," replied I, "but can you devise any means of our getting to land?"

"It does not seem at all difficult," said the spirited little fellow; "put us each into a great tub and let us float to shore. I remember sailing capitally that way on godpapa's great pond at S——."

"A very good idea, Jack; good counsel may sometimes be given even by a child. Be quick, boys, give me the saw and auger, with some nails; we will see what we can do." I remembered seeing some empty casks in the hold. We went down and found them floating. This gave us less difficulty in getting them upon the lower deck, which was but just above the

water. They were of strong wood, bound with iron hoops, and exactly suited my purpose; my sons and I therefore began to saw them through the middle. After long labor we had eight tubs all the same height. I contemplated with delight my little squadron of boats ranged in a line, and was surprised that my wife still continued depressed. She looked mournfully upon them. "I can never venture in one of these tubs," said she.

"Wait a little till my work is finished," replied I, "and you will see it is more to be depended on than this broken vessel."

I sought out a long flexible plank and arranged eight tubs on it, close to each other, leaving a piece at each end to form a curve upwards, like the keel of a vessel. We then nailed them firmly to the plank, and to one another. We nailed a plank at each side, of the same length as the first, and succeeded in producing a sort of boat, divided into eight compartments, in which it did not appear difficult to make a short voyage over a calm sea.

But, unluckily, our wonderful vessel proved so heavy that our united efforts could not move it an inch. I sent Fritz to bring me the jackscrew, and in the meantime sawed a thick round pole into pieces; then, raising the fore part of our work by means of the powerful machine, Fritz placed one of these rollers under it.

Earnest was very anxious to know how this small machine could accomplish more than our united strength. I explained to him, as well as I could, the power of the lever of Archimedes, with which he declared he could move the world if he had but a point to rest it on.

Jack remarked that the jackscrew worked very slowly.

"Better slowly than not at all," said I. "It is a principle in mechanics that what is gained in time is lost in power. But can you tell me how we can make up for this slowness?"

"Oh, by turning the handle quicker, to be sure!"

"Quite wrong; that would not aid us at all. Patience and Reason are the two fairies by whose potent help I hope to get our boat afloat."

I quickly proceeded to tie a strong cord to the after part of it, and the other end of it to a beam in the ship, which was still firm, leaving it long enough for security; then introducing two more rollers underneath, and working with the jack, we succeeded in launching our bark, which passed into the water with such velocity that but for our rope it would have gone out to sea. Unfortunately it leaned so much on one side that none of the boys would venture into it. I was in despair, when I suddenly remembered it only wanted ballast to keep it in equilibrium. I hastily threw in anything I got hold of that was heavy, and soon had my boat level and ready for occupation. They now contended who should enter first; but I stopped them, reflecting that these restless children might easily capsize our vessel. I remembered that savage nations made use of an outrigger to prevent their canoe oversetting, and this I determined to add to my work. I fixed two portions of a topsail yard, one over the prow, the other across the stern, in such a manner that they should not be in the way in pushing off our boat from the wreck. I forced the end of each yard into the bunghole of an empty cask to keep them steady during our progress.

It was now necessary to clear the way for our departure. I got into the first tub, and managed to get the boat into

the cleft in the ship's side by way of a haven; I then returned, and with the ax and saw cut away right and left all that could obstruct our passage. Then we secured some oars, to be ready for our voyage next day.

jackscrew: a machine in which a screw is used for lifting or exerting pressure. — **Archimedes** (ăr-kĭ-mē'dēz): a Greek mathematician who died about 212 B.C. — **after part**: the back part, or that toward the stern of a vessel.

MOTHER SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

blow: blossom. — **white heather**: the white heather brings good fortune, like the four-leaved clover.

THE EAGLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

He clasps the crag with crookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE BIRD OF THE ISLAND

MARY S. CLAUDE

MARY S. CLAUDE was an English writer who was a neighbor of Wordsworth's, and like him wrote of the Westmoreland country.

"I wish I were a bird!" cried a boy impatiently, as he tossed upon the couch. "I wish I were that bird that sings so beautifully! — listen to him, sister! — instead of lying here sick through all my summer holidays!"

"Hush!" said his sister, gently; "you forget where we are. That bird is not singing in the woods and fields. You do not know his story, or you would take back your hasty wish, my little brother."

"What do you mean by knowing his story?" asked the boy, turning to his sister. She looked up from her work with a grave, affectionate smile, and replied:

"That bird once had his home in a fair green island, gleaming upon the bosom of a mountain lake like an emerald upon a sleeping maiden's breast.

"The island was a most peaceful and pleasant spot in the early spring, when larch and hazel, birch, elm, and ash, and even the late golden-leaved oaks, rouse themselves from their long winter's rest, and stretch out their fresh-clad branches to greet each other in the balmy air of morning, or bend low at nightfall over the flowers that lean their heads in sleep upon the mossy ground beneath.

"The bird built his nest year by year in a flowery thorn, close by a bed of lilies on the southern side of the island; there he sang to his mate, and they reared their brood without fear and without danger.

"A whole long summer season! was not that a long life of joy to the island bird? And when the cuckoo was silent and the corncrake cried unceasingly that autumn was nigh, though the bird no longer sang his thrilling song with quivering wings and swelling breast from the tops of the trees, yet he chirped cheerily through the rich time of harvest, surrounded by his full-fledged nestlings;

and even in the cold winter lived warmly sheltered and abundantly fed in the quiet island.

"But in an evil hour there came a man to the island who listened to the singing of the birds with a selfish and covetous ear, and he laid nets in the nighttime, and snared the happy bird, and carried him in a small dark cage miles and miles away from the beautiful island.

"The children sit by the caged bird and listen to his songs, and when the notes rise clearest, and when they die away most touchingly, they say, 'He is singing about his green island.'

"True, he sings about his whole free, happy life on the beautiful earth; he tells what he has lost, and what man has gained thereby — one little selfish pleasure more. His songs are hymns of praise to God for His loving mercy to the meanest of His creatures; they are sad and solemn reminders of man's dark cruelty."

And the bird's song rose loud and clear, mingling with the low earnest tones of the girl's voice.

The boy laid his head upon his sister's knee and drew her hand over his eyes. "When I am impatient," said he, softly, "I will think of the island bird."

Abridged.

corn'crake: a bird which frequents grain fields. — **Westmoreland**: a county of England noted for its beautiful scenery.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

William Cullen Bryant

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) was one of the great American poets. For many years he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. His poems show his love of nature and his deep religious feeling.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
  When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
  And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
  And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
  And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
  And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
  And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
  There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
  And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Aye, look, and he 'll smile thy gloom away.

hangbird: Baltimore oriole. — **wilding**: wild.

A BOY HERO

It was a dark night early in May. The clouds hung low over the wet earth, and through the hiss and rush of the rain could be heard the roar of the river. Fritz Ernst, walking briskly along the road, with his coat collar turned up about his ears, wished he were at home again.

"Father has the worst of it," he reflected, as a strip of woodland cut off the beat of the rain for a moment. "If I had to stay out in this storm till after midnight, I might complain. I know he is worried about the lower bridge, and I don't wonder. The river must be tearing along like a mill race."

He struck up a cheery whistle as the light of the little flag station came into view around a turn in the road. Presently the light broadened, the door was flung open, and a man came out, peering eagerly down the black path before him. He had a lantern on his arm.

"Here I am, father," called Fritz, "and mother has sent you some hot doughnuts for supper."

"Never mind the supper now, lad." The man's voice was sharp with anxiety. "The river has washed out a piece of the track, and the express is nearly due. There's freight on the siding, so I can't turn her off there."

"Are the wires down?" was Fritz's first question.

"No, but the train left the city on time. The local is just behind, of course. There's a chance — but it's a wild one."

"What, father?" Fritz was gravely alert.

"The hand car is here in the shed. If we can get it out on the track, — it's heavy, — perhaps I can work it up the road far enough to signal the trains. I am uneasy about the upper bridge too. What I mean to do is to stop them on the other side."

"Could n't you run as fast as the car will go," suggested Fritz.

"Not on the bridge," said his father. "And as soon as I get out of the woods it will be down grade for me."

The two were already dragging out the heavy hand car from the shed close by, Fritz working with a man's strength in his excitement. Suddenly a thought struck him.

"You must let me go, father," said he. "I can manage this thing as well as you can, and your post is here.

If a message should come, what could I do? And the up train will be here in an hour."

His father groaned. "But you may meet them on the bridge, my boy," he said. "I can't let you take the risk."

"It's no greater for me than it would be for you," said Fritz stoutly. "I shall have the red lantern and a rope, and I'll do my best. Don't worry, father."

The big man patted the boy's shoulder. "That's my brave lad," he said. "I believe you can do it, if you can only cross the bridge safely. Remember, if you hear the train coming, to give yourself time to get off."

The hand car was moving slowly up the track by this time. It was hard work at first, but presently the grade lessened a little, and Fritz found to his joy that he was making fairly good headway. Soon the woods grew thinner and the track came out into the open country. Fritz could hear the water rushing and tumbling below him. He was now moving at a very fair rate of speed.

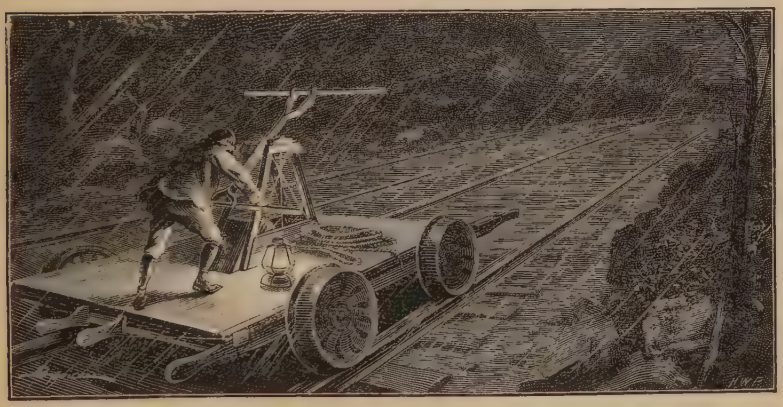
"Suppose this bridge should go!" The thought sent a sudden terror to his heart, and for half an instant his grip on the bar relaxed. Then he stiffened himself to his work, listening intently for the distant rumble of the approaching train.

The car swung out round a curve on the trestle work of the bank. It was not so dark here as in the woods

behind him, but the noise of the foaming water shut out every other sound.

"I could n't hear the train if it were just across the river," he thought. "I must take my chances, that 's all. There are hundreds of lives to save, and I 'm only one."

If the track had been a straight one, the chances would have been greater, but it twisted and wound like a snake,



as Fritz well knew, on its way to the city among the hills. He bent to his task with aching back and weary arms. How wide — how wide the river looked! Could he ever reach the other side?

Suddenly out of the roar and rush came another sound — the scream of a locomotive whistle. It seemed far away, to be sure, but Fritz was not deceived. It was the whistle for Gray's Crossing, not a mile beyond the bridge.

He is almost across now. Below he can see a line of white at the water's edge. It only needs a minute more, — but there, through the rain, is the gleam of the headlight. Fritz seizes the lantern and waving it aloft jumps down upon the planking of the bridge. Fortunately it is too dark to see how far beneath him the ragged shore line lies, and in a few moments the trestle work ends and he is upon solid ground again.

Away he runs, swinging his lantern back and forth over his head, stumbling among the loose stones of the railway bed, but keeping his footing in some wonderful fashion that he can never afterwards explain. The blazing headlight comes nearer and nearer. The grind of the wheels rises above the noise of the storm, and for an instant Fritz thinks the engineer does not see him, but the train is already slackening its speed, and scarcely runs its length beyond the boy as he stands there by the track.

The rest is easily told. It is a simple matter to send back a brakeman to flag the other train, and the danger is over.

"But the worst of it was the fuss they made over me," Fritz tells his mother when he goes home. "I hope I shall never have to go through that again."

Selected.

A JOURNEY WITH THE NORTH WIND

GEORGE MACDONALD

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1902) was a Scottish author. He wrote several novels, poems, and stories for young people.

NOTE. — Diamond is a boy whose wonderful adventures are told in a delightful book called "At the Back of the North Wind."

A fresh burst of wind blew the lattice open a second time. The same moment Diamond found himself in a cloud of North Wind's hair, with her beautiful face, set in it like a moon, bending over him.

"Quick, Diamond!" she said. "I have found such a chance!"

"But I'm not well," said Diamond.

"I know that, but you will be better for a little fresh air. You shall have plenty of that."

"Very well," said Diamond; and getting out of the bedclothes, he jumped into North Wind's arms.

The moment Diamond felt her arms fold around him he began to feel better. It was a moonless night, and very dark, with glimpses of stars when the clouds parted.

"I used to dash the waves about here," said North Wind, "where cows and sheep are feeding now; but we shall soon get to them. There they are."

And Diamond, looking down, saw the white glimmer of breaking water far below him.

"You see, Diamond," said North Wind, "it is very difficult for me to get you to the back of the north wind, for that country lies in the very North itself, and of course I can't blow northwards."

"But how can you ever get home at all then?"

"You are quite right — that is my home, though I never get farther than the outer door. I sit on the door-step, and hear the voices inside."

"But all this time you must be going southwards."

"Yes. Of course I am."

"How can you be taking me northwards, then?"

"A very sensible question. But you shall see. I will get rid of a few of these clouds — only they do come up so fast! It's like trying to blow a brook dry. There! What do we see now?"

"I think I see a little boat, away there, down below."

"A little boat, indeed! Well! She's a yacht of two hundred tons; and the captain is a friend of mine; for he is a man of good sense, and can sail his craft well. I've helped him many a time when he little thought it. I've heard him grumbling at me, when I was doing the very best I could for him. Why, I've carried him eighty miles a day, again and again, right north."

"He must have dodged for that," said Diamond, who had been watching the vessels, and had seen that they went other ways than the wind blew.

"Of course he must. But don't you see, it was the best I could do? I could n't be South Wind. And besides it gave him a share in the business. It is not good at all — mind that, Diamond — to do everything for those you love, and not give them a share in the doing. It 's not kind. If I had been South Wind, he would only have smoked his pipe all day, and made himself stupid."

"But how could he be a man of sense and grumble at you when you were doing your best for him?"

"Oh! you must make allowances," said North Wind, "or you will never do justice to anybody. You do understand, then, that a captain may sail north —"

"In spite of a north wind — yes," supplemented Diamond.

"Now, I do think you must be stupid, my dear," said North Wind. "Suppose the north wind did not blow, where would he be then?"

"Why then the south wind would carry him."

"So you think that when the north wind stops the south wind blows. Nonsense! If I did n't blow, the captain could n't sail his eighty miles a day. No doubt South Wind would carry him faster, but South Wind is sitting on her doorstep then, and if I stopped there would be a

dead calm. So you are all wrong to say he can sail north in spite of me; he sails north by my help, and my help alone. You see that, Diamond?"

"Yes, I do, North Wind. I am stupid, but I don't want to be stupid."

"Good boy! I am going to blow you north in that little craft, one of the finest that ever sailed the sea. Here we are, right over it. I shall be blowing against you; you will be sailing against me; and all will be just as we want it. I'm going to put you on board. Do you see a round thing like the top of a drum?"

"Yes," said Diamond.

"Below that is where they keep their spare sails. I am going to blow that cover off. The same moment I will drop you on deck, and you must tumble in. Don't be afraid; you will find it nice and warm and dry — only dark; and you will know I am near you by every roll and pitch of the vessel. Coil yourself up and go to sleep. The yacht shall be my cradle and you shall be my baby."

"Thank you, dear North Wind. I am not a bit afraid," said Diamond.

Abridged.

North Wind: the Greeks had a myth that "beyond the North Wind" lay a land of perpetual sunshine. — **lattice**: a window, usually opening outward, made of thin crossed strips of wood which form diamond-shaped **panes**. — **supplemented**: added.

A BAND OF BLUEBIRDS

WILLIAM H. HAYNE

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE (1856–) is the son of the representative Southern poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and has contributed both verse and prose to American literature.

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
  Brave prophets of the Spring,
Amid the tall and tufted cane,
  How blithesomely you sing!
What message haunts your music
  'Mid Autumn's dusky reign!
You tell us Nature stores her seeds
  To give them back in grain!

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
  You could not long remain
To flit across the fading fields
  And glorify the grain.
You leave melodious memories
  Whose sweetness thrills me through!
Ah, if my songs were such as yours,
  They'd almost touch the blue!

MISS MUFFET'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS (1857–) is a well-known minister of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

NOTE. — In his charming little book called "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party," Dr. Crothers brings together the famous people of juvenile fiction. These selections have the quaint and whimsical humor which make the story attractive to older readers.

HOW IT BEGAN

"What do you say to a party?"

Miss Muffet fairly jumped off her tuffet, for she had never had a party in her life. "Who will invite the people?"

"I will," said the spider.

"But do you think any one will come if *you* invite them?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! I was just thinking; and once one of your family invited the fly to walk into his parlor. I don't believe the story one bit, but then, you know, Mr. Spider, it caused talk."

Mr. Spider positively blushed green. "If you have no objection let's change the subject again. Business is business; as for flies, there is a difference of opinion about

them, and we can't all live on curds and whey, Miss Muffet. But this is to be your party, and we should not invite flies, but folks. How would you like to have a literary party, and invite all the people you've read about?"

"How delightful!" cried Miss Muffet gleefully. "What a dear old spider you are!"

"Let's write the invitations immediately," said Mr. Spider, taking out of his pocket a ream of the most delicate cobweb paper.

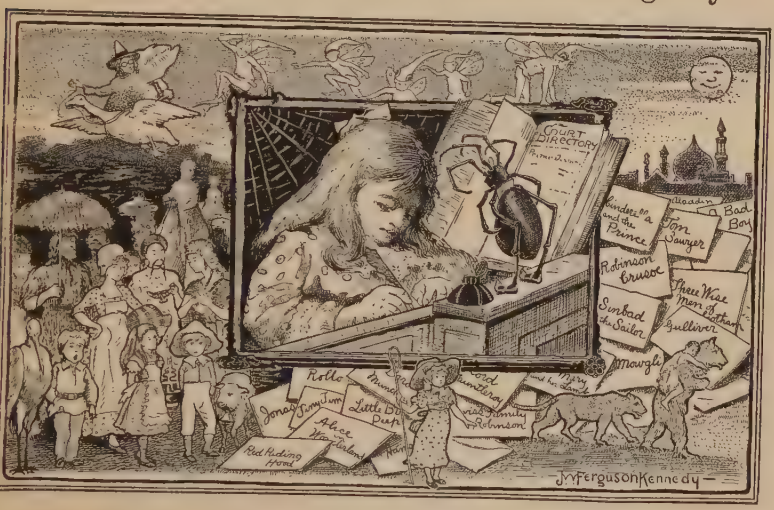
They sat down with their heads very close together, and such a number of letters you never saw as Miss Muffet and the spider wrote. Some of them were very informal, like those beginning "Dear Little Bo-Peep" and "Dear Red Riding-Hood." They said, "Won't you come to a party at my house? We're going to have games." Others were very formal, like that addressed to

The Reverend Swiss Robinson and Family,
Tent House,
Desert Island,

stating that "Miss Muffet requests the pleasure of your company," etc. Then there were letters addressed to Wonderland and Back of the North Wind, and to Lilliput and the Land where the Jumblies Live, and to all sorts of places which are to be found only on the best maps, and are not in the school geographies at all.

"Shall you invite any plain boys and girls who live in the Every Day Country?" asked the spider.

This was a hard question, for the Muffets were an old family who had come across with Mother Goose, and at this moment Every Day Country seemed a long way off



and just a bit uninteresting. But then Miss Muffet remembered how many kind friends she had found there, and answered, "Oh, certainly, we must send invitations to the Every Day Country, for some of the folks there are just as good as the Dreamland people, only of course they have n't had the same advantages."

So letters were sent to Prudy and Dotty Dimple and the Bodley Family, and to the Little Men and Little

Women and Lord Fauntleroy and the rest. A special letter was written to the little Ruggleses, and to Tiny Tim and all the Cratchits, for Miss Muffet knew that they were always ready to have a good time on Christmas.

"Shall you invite any bad boys?" asked the spider.

"No," answered Miss Muffet severely, "not as a rule, but I think we shall ask Mr. Aldrich's Bad Boy, for he is a blighted being. I think it's our duty to have him, — and then it would be such fun. And I suppose we ought to invite Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer to keep him company."

"Of course you will invite all the good boys?"

"Of course we shall invite them, as a rule. But the good boys in the books are almost too good sometimes; don't you think so, Mr. Spider? I mean almost too good to be true. But that reminds me; I suppose we should invite Rollo?"

"Yes," said the spider, "we certainly must invite Rollo; he's a worthy lad, and of an inquiring mind."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Muffet, tearing up the letter she had just written, "he's so intelligent. I'll have to write very correctly or he'll criticise the spelling; and then if I invite Rollo, I shall have to invite Jonas too."

"Certainly," said the spider, "we must invite Jonas, and we must arrange some moral amusement. Suppose

in your invitation you leave out the word 'party' and ask him to attend a 'serious symposium.' How would this do? 'Respected Sir, You are earnestly requested to attend a serious symposium at Miss Muffet's, to meet the Reverend Swiss Robinson and other persons interested in the education of youth. The Little Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe will preside. There will be a number of papers, to be followed by a discussion.'"

"How good that is! Jonas would so love a discussion," said Miss Muffet.

At last the invitations were all written, and the kind old spider said, "Now lie down, my dear, on the tuffet and close your eyes, and I will make all the preparations and wake you in time for the party."

HOW IT ENDED

There is not time to tell of all that happened at the party. As to refreshments, the Old Woman who Lived on Victuals and Drink declared that victuals and drink were nothing to the good things which Miss Muffet had provided. Before the evening was over the Pied Piper played so merrily that even Red Riding-Hood's Grandmother began to dance. The Twelve Dancing Princesses said that it was the first time that they had been able to

dance as much as they liked. Before this they had had to stop when they danced the soles off their shoes; but this evening the spider had thoughtfully provided each one with several pairs.

And how did it end? All of a sudden, lights out, cobweb broken, and Miss Muffet left alone with her curds and whey? Not at all. It ended as all good parties end. The Rockaby Lady from Hushaby Street suggested that it was getting late. Then one by one the guests came to little Miss Muffet and told her what a good time they had had, and how glad they were that Christmas comes once every year. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod sailed away in a wooden shoe. They were such dear little fellows that Miss Muffet was sorry that she had n't noticed them till they came to say good-by. Mr. Æsop put out the lights in his pavilion; and the Arabians mounted their camels and rode slowly toward Bagdad, first making the Sultana promise to tell them a story that would last through the whole Arabian Night. The Wonderlanders put on their queer bonnets and coats, all carefully wrong side out; and the Man Friday hoisted his umbrella to keep the dew off Robinson Crusoe; and Dr. Gulliver put all the Lilliputians he could catch into his overcoat pocket; and Mother Goose flew away with all her family into the night. The little people from the North were the last to get away, for

it took them a long time to get on their overshoes and fur coats and mufflers, but at last they too had gone.

"I see by the moonlight that it 's almost midnight," said the spider. "It 's time for little girls to go to sleep."

Little Miss Muffet closed her eyes very tightly indeed, but she did n't close her ears, so she heard the first tinkle of sleigh bells far away, and she knew that Santa Claus was coming.

Abridged.

Wonderland: see "Queen Alice," page 129. — **Back of the North Wind**: see page 269. — **Lilliput**: see "Gulliver," Book Six. — **the Land where the Jumblies Live**: a nonsense rhyme by Edward Lear. — **Mother Goose**: not an actual person as some would have us believe. Many of the nursery rhymes under her name are centuries old. Oliver Goldsmith collected a large number of them. — **Prudy and Dotty Dimple**: characters in books by Sophie May. — **Bodley Family**: a family made famous in a series of books by Horace E. Scudder. — **Little Men and Little Women**: books by Miss Alcott. — **Ruggleses**: a family in Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol." — **Tiny Tim**: see page 175. — **Bad Boy**: see "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. — **Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer**: two of Mark Twain's heroes. — **Rollo**: the hero of several books written more than fifty years ago by a noted educator, Jacob Abbott. — **Jonas**: a character in the Rollo books. — **sympo'sium**: a philosophical discussion. — **Swiss Robinson**: see page 255. — **the Pied Piper**: see page 79. — **The Rockaby Lady** and **Wynken, Blynken, and Nod** are known to lovers of Eugene Field's poems. — **Æsop**: a famous Greek writer of fables. — **the Arabians**: see "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." — **Sultä'na**: the Sultan's bride, who tells these marvelous stories to amuse her husband. — **Man Friday**: a character in "Robinson Crusoe"; see page 232. — **the Lillipu'tians**: see "Gulliver," Book Six. — **I see by the moonlight**: a frequently repeated line in the story of "The Boy and the Kid."

LULLABY

J. G. Holland

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland
Down to the underland
Go — now go!
Down into wonderland go.

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
(Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!)
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over!
Down on the mother world,
Down on the other world,
Sleep, oh, sleep!
Down on the mother world sleep.

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover,
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world,
Into the lily world,
Gone! now gone!
Into the lily world gone.

WORD LIST

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in fāte		ẽ as in hẽr		ŏ as in nŏt		û as in fûr	
a̋ " senăte		ê " thêre		o̲ " mo̲ve		u̲ " ru̲le	
ă " făt		ēe " fēet		ȯ̲ " wȯ̲lf		u̲̇ " pu̲̇ll	
ä " ärm				ȯ̲ " sȯ̲n			
a̲ " a̲ll		ī " īce		ô " hôrse		ȳ " flȳ	
å " åsk		i̊ " i̊dea		o͞o " fo͞od		y̆ " babў	
ȧ̲ " what		ĭ " ĭt		o͡o " fo͡ot			
â " câre		ï " sïr				oi " boil	
		ï " machïne		ū " ūse		oy " boy	
ē " mēte				ů " ůnite		ou " out	
e̊ " e̊vent		ō " ōld		ŭ " ŭp		ow " cow	
ĕ " mĕt		o̊ " o̊bey					

c (unmarked)	as in call	qu (= kw)	as in quit
ç	" mi̲ce	s̲ (= z)	" i̲s
ch (unmarked)	" child	si̲ (= sh)	" te̲nsion
ch (= k)	" school	th (unmarked)	" thin
ci (= sh)	" gracious	th	" then
g (unmarked)	" go	ti (= sh)	" motion
g̊ (= j)	" ca̲ge	wh (= hw)	" what
ng	" ring	x (unmarked)	" vex
n̲ (= ng)	" i̲nk	x̲ (= gz)	" e̲xact
ph (= f)	" phantom	z	" zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Certain vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, a̲, e̲, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

ábăsh*ed*′	ádown′	ā′mĭa̲b*le*	ápŏs′*tle*
ábāt′ĕd	ădvērtīse̲′	ăm͡mŭnĭ′tiȯn	ăppărĭ′tiȯn
ábĭl′ĭtў	ăffĭrm′ătĭv*e*	ámūse̲′me͡nts	ăppē*al*′
ăbŏlĭ′tiȯn	ăffrī*ght*′ĕd	ān′cie͡nt	ăppē*ar*′a͡nçĕs̲
ăb′sŏlūte*l*ў	ăg′rĭcŭltūr*e*	ánĕnt′	ăpla̲*ud*′
ábŭn′da͡ntlў	*aīsle*s̲	ănnounçe′me͡nt	ăppoint′me͡nt
ách*ie*̄v*ed*′	āl′ĭens̲	ánoint′	ăpprĕhĕn′siȯn
ădăptā′tiȯn	(y͡)	ăn′thĕm	ăpprĕn′tĭçeshĭp
ăddrĕs*sed*′	ăllīe̲′	ăntĭçĭpā′tiȯn	är′de͡nt
ădjoin′ĭng	a̲l′mánăc	ăn′tĭcs	är′gŭme͡nt
ădj*o*ûrn′me͡nt	ăltĕr′nătĭv*e*	ăn̲x̲ī′ĕtў	ărĭstŏcrăt′ĭc
ăd′mĭra̲b*le*	ămbĭ′tiȯn	ápärt′me͡nt	ărrĕst′ĕd

ăsçĕnd′ĕd
ȧskew′
ăs′p͡hŏdĕl
ăspīr′ĭng
ăssa͡ult′ĕd
ăssĭst′a͡nçe
ăssūme′
ȧstērn′
ăt′ȯmş
ăttā*i*n′ĭng
ăttĕnd′a͡nts
ăttĕn′tĭvelў
a͡u′gĕr
a͡ugŭst′
ȧvērt′
ăz′u͡re

băl′cŏnў
băl′la͡st
bär′bĕcūe
bĕdī*gh*t′
bĕhāv′i͡or
bĕnĕv′ŏle͡nt
bĕrĕft′
bĕsmē*a*r′
bĕwā*i*l′
blī*gh*t′ĕd
blīthe′sȯmelў
blŭs′tēred
bŏd′kĭn
brăg′gĭng
bra͡wn′ў
bro͡ad′ened

bū′reau (rō)

cā′de͡nçe
căn′ȯn
căn′ŏpў
căp′ĭta͡llў
căptĭv′ĭtў
cär′pĕntērş
căr′rўa͡l
căt′ărăct
ca͡u′tio͡ŭslў
căv′ĭtў
çĕn′tūrĭeş
çēr′ta͡ĭnlў
çhā*i*se
chăn′nĕl
chär′ăctēr
chăşm
çīr′cūlātĭng
çīr′cŭmstănçe
çĭs′tērn
clĕm′ătĭs
clēr′gў ma͡n
clī′mȧte
cŏcōōn′
cŏmmĕnçe′me͡nt
cŏmpăr′ătĭvelў
cŏmpărt′me͡nts
cŏmplā*i*n′
cŏmplē′tion
cŏm′plĭcātĕd
cŏmpŏşĭ′tion
cŏm′prŏmīşĕş
cŏnçē*a*l′

cŏnçē*i*t′ĕd
cŏnclū′sion
(zh)
cŏndĕmn*e*d′
cŏnfĕc′tionēr
cŏnfĕd′ērāte
cŏn′fīde͡ntlў
cŏn′flĭct (noun)
cŏnflĭct′ (verb)
cŏnfrȯnt′
cŏn′qu(k)ērȯr
cŏn′sĕquĕnçe
cŏnsĭd′ērāte
cŏnstērnā′tion
cŏnsŭlt′ĕd
cŏntā*i*n′ĭng
cŏn′tĕmplātĕd
cŏntĕmpt′ĭble
cŏntrĭb′ūtĕd
cŏntrīved′
cŏn′vērse (noun)
cŏnvērse′ (verb)
côr′dŭroy
cŏrrĕc′tion
cŏrrĕspŏnd′e͡nt
cŏs′tūme
coun′sĕl
co*û*rte′sĭed
cȯv′ĕto*ŭ*s
crĭt′ĭçĭşe
crŏc′ŏdīle
cûr′lew
(ū)
cŭs′tȯmărў

dăf′fŏdĭlş
dăm′ăsk
dä*u*nt′lĕsslў
dĕclā*i*m′
dĕclămā′tion
dĕf′ĭnīte
dĕlā*y*′
dĕl′ĭcaçĭeş
dĕlī′cio͡ŭs
dĕlĭv′ērança
dĕpĕnd′e͡nçe
dĕprĕdā′tion
dĕprĕs*s*ed′
dĕscĕnd′a͡nts
dĕşĭst′
dĕs′pērāte
dĕstroy′ērş
dĕstrŭc′tion
dē′tā*i*lş
dĕtĕc′tion
dĕtēr′mĭned
dĕvīçe′
dĕvīşe′
dī′ălĕct
dī′ămȯnd
dĭf′fērença
dĭf′fĭcŭlt
dĭ*g*ĕs′tion
(ch)
dĭg′nĭfĭed
dĭlāt′ĕd
dĭn′*g*ў
dĭrĕct′ŏrў
dĭscȯm′fĭtū*r*e

dĭscrēēt′lў
dĭscŭs′siŏn
dĭspērse′
dĭspŏṣĭ′tiŏn
dĭvĭn′ĭtў
dŏl′phĭn
dŏm′ĭnŏ
doŭb′lĕt
drowṣ′ĭlў·

ĕdŭcā′tiŏn
ĕd′ŭcātor
ĕffāçe′
eī′dēr
ēked
ĕlăb′ôrate
ĕl′ĕments
ĕmbăt′tled
ĕmērġe′
ĕm′ĭnent
ĕncoŭr′ăġement
ĕncŭm′bēred
ĕndēar′ment
ĕndĕav′or
ĕntērtāin′ment
ĕnthūṣĭăs′tĭc
ĕn′trançe
ēquĭlĭb′rĭŭm
ĕquĭvŏcā′tiŏn
ĕs′côrt (noun)
ĕscôrt′ (verb)
ĕs′sāy (noun)
ĕssāy′ (verb)
ĕstăb′lĭsh

ĕstrāngĕd′
ĕth′ĭcs
eū′lŏġў
ĕv′ĭdençe
ew′ĕr
(ū)
ĕxăġ′ġērātĕd
ĕxçēēd′ĭnglў
ĕxclū′sĭve
ĕxcûr′siŏn
ĕxĕcū′tiŏn
ĕxēr′tiŏn
ĕxhĭbĭ′tiŏn
ĕx′ĭle
ĕxpănd′
ĕxpĕnd′ĕd
ĕxpĕr′ĭmĕntĭng
ĕxplānā′tiŏn
ĕxploits′
ĕxpōṣe′
ĕxtēr′mĭnātĕd
ĕxtĭnct′
ĕxtĭn′guĭshed
(w)

făb′rĭc
făb′ŭloŭs
făc′ŭltў
fāith′fụlnĕss
făn′çĭfụl
fär′thĭngṣ
făsh′iŏned
fā′vorĭte
fĕs′tĭval
fiēnd′ĭsh

flĭck′ĕrĭng
floŭr′ĭsh
fōlk′lōre
fŏrbeâr′ançe
fōre′cáste
fōresąw′
fôr′mal
fôr′mŭlå
fôrtĭfĭcā′tiŏn
foundā′tiŏn
frăg′ment
freight
(ā)
frē′quentlў
frīght′fụl
fū′ġĭtive
fûrze

ġĕnērā′tiŏn
ġē′nĭe
ġēn′iŭs
(y)
ġĕntēēl′
ġĕrā′nĭŭm
ġĕs′tŭre
ġĭrăffe′
glăd′den
gleē′fụllў
glĭmpse
glū′tĭnoŭs
gōal
gôr′ġeoŭs
gŏs′sĭps
gov′ĕrnment
grăt′ĭfĭed

grŏtĕsque′
(k)
guĭl′dērṣ
guĭlt′ў
ġўp′sĭeṣ

hăbĭtā′tiŏn
hąugh′tў
heärk′enĭng
hēath
hēa′then
hĕrĕd′ĭtărў
hĕr′ŏĭṣm
hīe
hĭstŏr′ĭcal
hōar′ў
hōrdeṣ
hŏs′pĭtable
hŏspĭtăl′ĭtў
hŏs′tlēr
hŭr′rĭed
hŭṣ′bandman

ĭgnīt′ĕd
ĭg′nŏrançe
ĭm′ăġerў
ĭmbībed′
ĭmĭtā′tiŏn
ĭmmĕaṣ′ŭrable
ĭm′pĕtŭs
ĭm′plĕment
ĭmpōṣ′ĭng
ĭmpŏs′sĭble
ĭmprăc′tĭcable

ĭmprĕss′ĭve
ĭm′pŭlse
ĭnăc′tĭve
ĭn′brĕd
ĭncăntā′tiòn
ĭnçĕs′sant
ĭnclō′ʂûre
ĭnclūd′ĭng
ĭncŏn′stant
ĭncrēased′
ĭncrĕd′ĭble
ĭndĕf′ĭnite
ĭndĭgnā′tiòn
ĭndĭg′nĭtў
ĭn′dŭstrў
ĭnĕv′ĭtablў
ĭnĕx′plĭcable
ĭnfē′rĭor
ĭn′fĭnite
ĭnflĕx′ible
ĭnfôrm′al
ĭnhāle′
ĭnhĕr′ĭtĕd
ĭnjŭs′tĭçe
ĭnnū′mĕrable
ĭnquīr′ў
ĭnsĕrt′
ĭnsĭgnĭf′ĭcant
ĭn′sŭlt (noun)
ĭnsŭlt′ (verb)
ĭn′tĕllect
ĭntĕl′lĭgent
ĭntĕnse′
ĭntĕrçĕpt′

ĭn′tērcōurse
ĭn′tērview
(ū)
ĭntrŏdū′çĭng
ĭnvĭn′çible
ĭnvĭtā′tiòn
ĭrrĭtā′tiòn
ĭs′sûing
(sh)

jŭdġ′ment
jūn′ior
(y)
jŭstĭfĭcā′tiòn
jū′vĕnile

kēr′chief
kĭn′drĕd

lăn′guĭsh
(w)
lăt′tĭçe
läun′drĕss
laū′rēate
lēague
lĕġ′ĕndş
lĕġ′ĭslātor
lĕop′ard
lĕt′tuçe
(l)
lĭb′ĕral
lĭb′ĕrtĭeş
lĭt′ĕrărў
lĭt′ĕrātūre
lĭv′ĕrĭeş
lĭv′ĭd

lōath′lў
lŭl′labў
lūreş
lŭs′troŭs
lўre

mâçhĭn′ērў
măgnăn′ĭmoŭs
măgnĭf′ĭçent
māimed
mâjĕs′tĭc
măn′ĭfōld
măn′siòn
măn′ŭscrĭpt
mârīne′
măr′ĭnēr
măr′quĭs
măthĕmăt′ĭcs
mâtūre′
mĕl′ŏdў
mĕm′ŏrĭeş
mēr′māid
mĕr′rĭlў
mĕt′rĭcal
mĭēn
mĭm′ĭc
mĭn′strĕlş
mĭr′acle
mĭs′chiĕvoŭs
mĭsdĕmēan′orş
mĭş′ĕrable
mŏd′ĕstў
mois′tūre
mōld′ĕred

mŏn′ŏtōne
mŏn′ŭment
mŭl′tĭtūde
mûr′dĕroŭs
mū′ʂĭcal
mўstē′rĭoŭs
mўs′tērў
mўthŏl′ŏgў

năṅkēēn′
närçĭs′sŭs
nā′tal
nĕç′ĕssârĭeş
nĕglĕct′
neigh′borĭng
(ā)
nērv′oŭs
nīght′ĭngāle
nŏbĭl′ĭtў
nŏs′trĭlş
noŭr′ĭshed

ŏbjĕc′tiònable
ŏbʂērv′ĭng
ŏccā′siònal
(zh)
ŏccŭpā′tiòn
ŏffĕnse′
ŏp′ĕrà
ŏpĭn′iòn
(y)
ō′pĭŭm
ŏppŏrtū′nĭtў
ŏppōşed′
ŏrā′tiòn

ŏr'åtŏrў
ôr'dę̄al
ŏrĭg'ĭnal
ôr'nåments
ō'val
ŏvērbûr'dened
ōvērsĕt'

pāi̯nṣ'tākĭng
pâlä'vēr
păr'ådīse
pärtā'ken
pâs'tōrāte
pā'tiențlў
pātrĭŏt'ĭc
păt'rônīzĭng
pâvĭl'iŏn
(y)
pĕcūl'iar
(y)
pēr'fĕctlў
pērfôrm'ançe
pērpĕt'ūal
pērsĕvēr'ançe
pēr'sónăğēṣ
phĕnŏm'ĕnŏn
phĭlŏsŏph'ĭcal
pīed
pĭl'grĭmăge
pĭl'lŏwed
pĭ'quançў
(k)
plāi̯n'tĭve
plôv'ēr
poiṣed

poi'ṣonoŭs
pŏl'ĭçў
pŏlĭt'ĭcal
pŏl'ĭtĭcs
pŏl'lĕn
pŏṣ'ĭtĭvelў
pŏs'tērn
pō'tent
prĕçĭp'ĭtoŭs
prĕfērred'
prĕm'ĭsĕṣ
prĕpâr'ātiónṣ
prĕṣīd'ĭng
prĭ'má dŏn'ná
prĭn'çĭpal
prŏb'ablў
prŏcēēd'ĕd
prŏç'ĕss
prŏd'ūçe (noun)
prŏdūçe' (verb)
prŏg'rĕss
prŏph'ĕts
prŏprī'ĕtorṣ
prŏs'pĕctĭng
prŏtĕc'tiŏn
prŏtĕst'ĕd
prŏtṛud'ĭng
prŏvĭ'siónṣ
(zh)
prowl'ĕr
pū'nў
pûr'chăse
pū'rĭtan
pûrsūed'

pȳre

quan'tĭtў
queūe
(k)

răv'enĭng
răv'enoŭs
rē'alīze
rēa'ṣónable
rĕbĕl'liŏn
(y)
rĕcal̨led'
rĕç'ĭpē
rĕc'ônçīled
rĕc'ord (noun)
rĕcôrd' (verb)
rĕcov'ĕr
rēĕn'tĕr
rĕflĕc'tiŏn
rĕfrĕsh'mente
rĕf'ûge
rĕjoiçe'
rĕlā'tiónshĭp
rĕlăxed'
rĕmôrse'
rĕmōte'
rĕnown'
rĕprĕṣĕnt'ătĭve
rĕprōach'fụllў
rĕpṛov'ĭnglў
rĕpūtā'tiŏn
rĕṣĕm'blĭng
rĕṣ'ŏlūte
rĕspŏn'sĭble

rĕstrāi̯ned'
rĕstrĭc'tiŏn
rĕvēr'bĕrâte
rĕv'ērentlў
rĕvērt'
rĕvŏlū'tiŏn
rhўth'mĭcal
rĭdĭc'ŭloŭs
rīght'eoŭsnĕss
(ch)
rĭg'ĭd
rĭng'lĕts
rĭns'ĭng
rĭv'en
rĭv'ŭlĕt
rŏs'trŭm

sā'crĕd
sär'căṣm
sā'vorў
scĭĕntĭf'ĭc
scŭr'rўĭng
sĕclū'siŏn
(zh)
sĕc'rĕtărў
sĕcūred'
sĕcū'rĭtў
sĕlĕc'tiŏn
sĕmĭçĭr'cŭlar
sĕn'sĭtĭve
sĕn'tĭments
sĕpâr'ātiŏn
serä'pe
(ă) (ă)
sē'rĭoŭs

sĕs′siŏn
sĕvĕr′ĭtў
shrŭb′bērў
sĭl′vērў
sĭm′ĭlạr
sĭtūā′tiŏn
slăck′enĭng
slāke
slōeş
slŭg′gạrdş
slŭm′broŭs
sō′ciạble
sŏl′ĭtūde
sŏnō′roŭs
spĕ′ciạl
spē′ciĕş
spĕç′ĭmẹnş
spĕctā′tọr
spĕn′çērş
splĕn′dĭdlў
squạd′rŏn
stạl′wạrt
stăt′ūte
stĭf′ened
stĭm′ūlāte
strŭc′tūre
sŭbdūe′
sŭblīme′
sŭbstăn′tiạl
sŭççĕss′fụl

sŭççĕs′sọrş
sŭffĭ′cient
sŭggĕst′ĕd
sūit′able
sŭm′mĭts
sŭp′plĕmĕntĕd
sŭppŏş′ĭtiọn
sûrprīşed′
sŭstāined′
swạrth′ў
sўm′bŏl
sўm′pathў
sўmpō′şĭŭm
sўs′tĕm

tăn′tălīzĭng
tĕl′ĕgrạph
tĕm′pērâte
tĕn′drĭl
tĕr′rĭfĭed
tĕth′ērĭng
thĕŏl′ŏgў
threē′scōre
thrŏs′tle
tĭntĭnnăbŭlā′-
tiŏn
tôrmĕnt′ọr
tôr′tūred
tọur′nàmẹnt
trănsăct′ĭng

trănslā′tiŏn
trănsplânt′ĕd
trăv′ĕlĕr
trăv′ĕrse
trēa′cle
trĕm′ŭloŭs
trĕs′tle
trĭbū′nạl
trī′ŭmph
trĭŭm′phạnt
tŭf′fĕt
tûr′būlẹnt

ŭmbrĕl′lå
ŭnăccount′ạble
ŭnçēas′ĭnglў
ŭndĭstûrbed′
ŭnĕxpĕct′ĕd
ŭnĭnhăb′ĭtĕd
ŭnĭn′tērĕstĭng
ūnĭvēr′sĭtў
ŭnmĭstāk′ạblў
ŭnscāthed′
ŭnsŭspĕct′ĭnglў
ŭnwiēld′ў
ŭpbōrne′

văg′ăbŏnd
vā′grạnt

văl′ūā′tiŏn
văn′ĭshĭng
vā′rĭoŭs
vĕġ′ĕtàbleş
vĕl′ŏç′ĭtў
vĕn′ērạble
vĭçĭn′ĭtў
vĭctō′rĭoŭs
vĭct′ụalş
vĭl′laĭn
vĭnâigrĕtte′
vĭv′ĭd
vō′tĭve
vŭl′gạr
vŭl′nērạble

wĕld′ĕd
whēat′en
whey
(ā)
whĭm′şĭcạl
whĭs′tled
wrīthe
wrôught

yächt
yeō′mạn

zō′dĭăc

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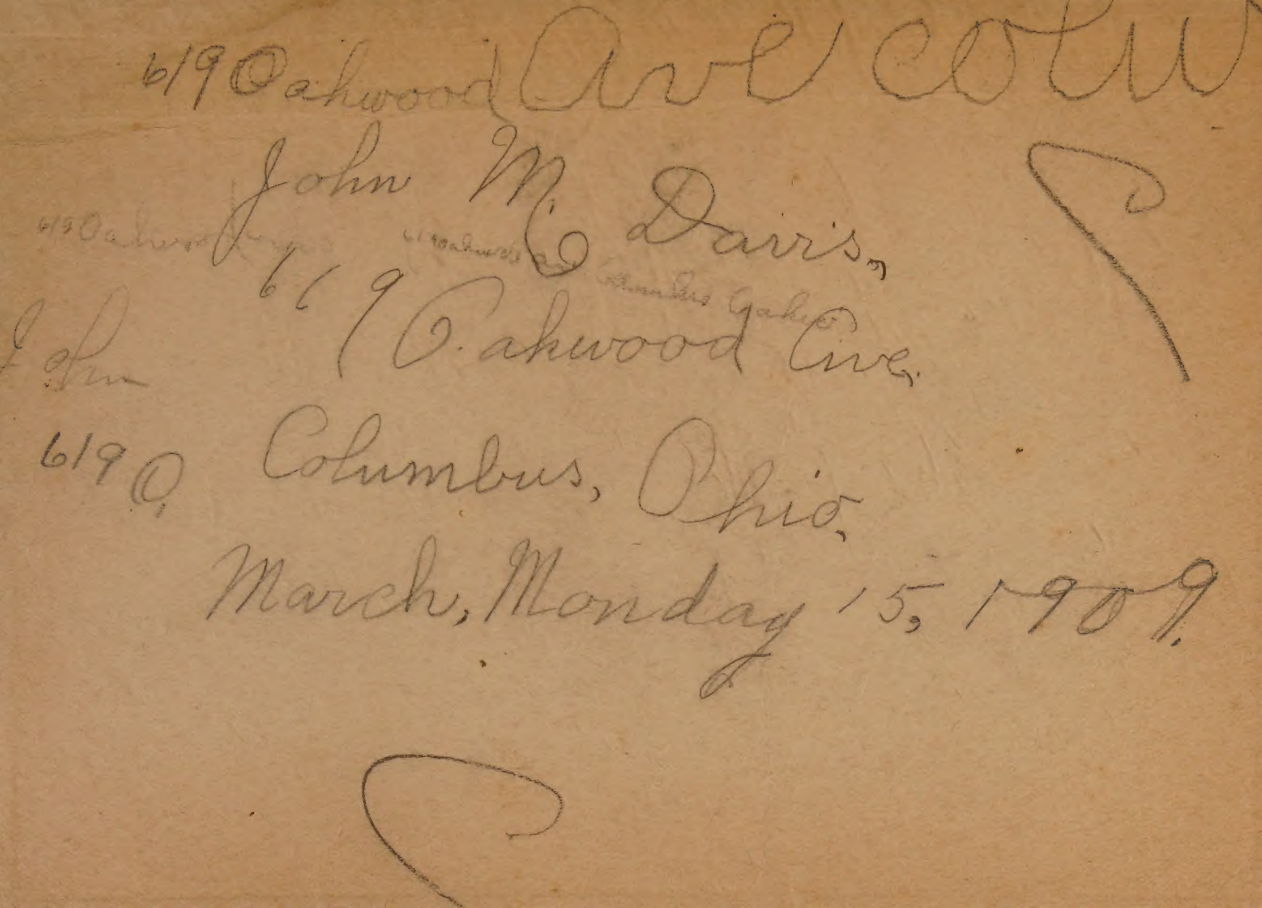
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March, Monday 15, 1909.